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THE

CAMBRIDGE TART,

&c. &c.

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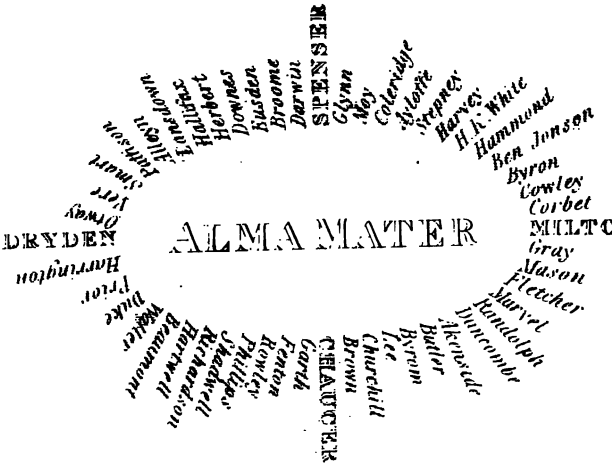

THE CAMBRIDGE TART.

THE

CAMBRIDGE TART:

EPIGRAMMATIC

AND

SATIRIC-POETICAL EFFUSIONS;

&c. &c.

DAINTY MORSELS, SERVED UP

BY CANTABS,

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

DEDICATED TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

BY SOCIUS.

Gooch, Richard

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis. HOR. A. P.

London:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES SMITH, 163, STRAND.

AND J. ANDERSON, 40, WEST-SMITHFIELD.

1823.

ASTOR LIBRARY NEW-YORK

Printed by C. Smith, 163, Strand.

PREFACE.

OXFORD HAS ITS SAUSAGE, AND WHY NOT CAMBRIDGE ITS TART?

For my part, seeing no legal objection, I shall turn Cook, and mould as delicate a *Pasty* as my slight knowledge in the art will permit; and, I do hope that every *Cantab* will deign to taste it. Should any individual find a kernel of spice rather too hot for his palate, I entreat he will forgive its biting quality, and not turn *crusty* on the occasion; but place the accident to my over anxiety, in wishing to indulge his appetite for the

DELICIOUS.

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THE

CAMBRIDGE TART.

ODE,

ON TAKING THE DEGREE OF B. A. BEING A PARAPHRASE ON HORACE'S — EXEGI MONUMENTUM.

BY

CHRIS. SMART, PEMB. HALL.

I.

'Tis done: — I tow'r to that degree,
And catch such heav'nly fire,
That Horace ne'er could rant like me,
Nor is King's Chapel higher. [1]

THE CAMBRIDGE DUN,

BY

THO. RANDOLPH, TRIN. COLL.

Pox take you all, from you my sorrows swell,
Your treacherous Faith makes me run Infidel.
Pray vex me not for Heaven's sake, or rather
For your poor children's sake, or for their Father.
You trouble me in vain, whate'er you say
I cannot, will not, nay, I ought not pay;
You are extortioners ; I was not sent
To increase your sins, but make you all repent
That e'er you trusted me; we're even here,
I bought too *cheap,* because you sold too *dear.*
Learn conscience of your Wives, for they I swear
For the most part, trade in the better *ware.*
Hark reader, if thou never yet hadst one,
I'll shew the torments of a *Cambridge Dun.*
He rails where e'er he comes, and yet can say

But this, that *Randolph* did not keep his day.
What? can I keep the *day*, or stop the *sun*
From setting, or the *night* from coming on?
Could I have kept the days, I'd chang'd the doom
Of times and seasons, that had never come.
These evil spirits haunt me every day,
And will not let me eat, study, or pray;
I'm so much in their *books* that it is known
I am too seldom frequent in my *own*.
What damage given to my *doors* might be
If *doors* might *actions* have of *battery!*
And when they find their coming to no end
They Dun by proxy, and their letters send,
In such a style as I could never find
In Tully's long, or Seneca's short wind.

Good Master Randolph, *Pardon me I pray,*
If I remember, you forgot your day.
I kindly dealt with you, and it would be
Unkind in you, not to be kind to me.
You know sir, I must pay for what I have.
My creditors will be paid, therefore I crave

Pay me as I pay them sir, for one brother
Is bound in conscience to pay another.
Besides, my landlord would not be content,
If I should dodge with him for's quarters rent.
My wife lies-in too, and I needs must pay
The Midwife, lest the fool be cast away.
And 'tis a second charge to me, poor man,
To make the new born babe a Christian.
Besides the churching a third charge will be
In butter'd habberdine and frummety.
Thus hoping you will make a courteous end,
I rest (I would thou would'st) *Your loving frien*
A. B. M. H. T. B. H. L. I. O.
I. F. M. G. P. W. Nay I know
You have the same style all, and as for me,
Such as your style is shall your payment be.
Just all alike, see what a cursed spell
Charms devils up, to make my chamber hell.
This, some starv'd *Prentice* brings, one that look
With face blur'd more than his Master's book.
One that in any chink can peeping lie,

More slender than the yard he measures by:
When my poor stomach barks for meat I dare
Scarce humour it, they make me live by air,
As the *Camelions* do: and if none pay
Better than I have done, e'en so may they.
When I would go to *Chapel*, they betray
My zeal, and when I only meant to pray
Unto my God, faith all I had to do
Is to pray them, and glad they'll hear me too.
Nay should I preach, the rascals are so vexed,
They'd fee a *Beadle* to arrest my *Text*;
And sue, if such a suit might granted be,
My use and doctrine to an outlawry.
This stings, yet what my gall most works upon
Is that the hope of my revenge is gone.
For were I but to deal with such as those,
That knew the danger of my *Verse or Prose*,
I'd steep my muse in Vinegar and Gall
Till the fierce scold grew sharp and hang'd 'em all.
But those I am to deal with are so dull,
(Tho' got by Scholars) he that is most full
Of understanding can but hither come

Imprimis, Item, and the total-sum.
I do not wish them Egypt's plagues, but even
As bad as they; I'll add unto them seven.
I wish not Grasshoppers, Frogs, and Lice come
down,
But clouds of *Moths* in ev'ry shop i'the town.
Then honest Devil to their ink convey
Some *Aqua-fortis*, that may eat away
Their Books. To add more torments to their lives,
Heaven, I beseech thee, send them *handsome Wives*.
Such as will p— their flesh till sores grow in't,
That all their linen may be spent in lint.
And give them children with ingenuous faces,
Indeed with all the ornaments and graces
Of soul and body, that it may be known
To others, and themselves, they're not their *own*.
And if this vex 'em not, I'll grieve the town
With this curse, states put *Trinity Lectures* down.
But my last *Imprecation* this shall be,
May they more debtors have, and like to me.

ODE,

ON

A COLLEGE FEAST DAY.

I.

Hark! heard ye not yon foot-steps dread,
That shook the hall, with thund'ring tread?
With eager haste
The Fellows pass'd;
Each, intent on direful work,
High lifts his mighty blade, and points his deadly fork.

II.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
With steps, alas, too slow,
The College *Gyps*, of high illustrious worth,[1]
With all the dishes, in long order go:

In the midst a form divine
Appears, the fam'd *sirloin* ;
And soon, with plumbs and glory crown'd,
Almighty pudding sheds its sweets around.
Heard ye the din of dinner bray ?
Knife to fork, and fork to knife ;
Unnumber'd heroes in the glorious strife,
Thro' fish, flesh, pies, and puddings, cut their destin'd way.

III.

See, beneath the mighty blade,
Gor'd with many a ghastly wound,
Low the fam'd sirloin is laid,
And sinks in many a gulph profound.
Arise, arise ye sons of glory !
Pies and puddings stand before ye.
See the ghost of hungry bellies,
Point at yonder stand of jellies;
While such dainties are beside ye,
Snatch the goods the Gods provide ye ;

Mighty rulers of this state,
Snatch before it is too late;
For, swift as thought, the puddings, jellies, pies,
Contract their giant bulk, and shrink to pigmy size

IV.

From the table now retreating,
All around the fire they meet,
And, with wine, the sons of eating,
Crown at length their mighty treat:
Triumphant Plenty's rosy graces
Sparkle in their jolly faces;
And mirth and cheerfulness is seen
In each countenance serene.
Fill high the sparkling glass,
And drink th' accustomed toast;
Drink deep ye mighty host,
And let the bottle pass.
Begin, begin the jovial strain;
Fill, fill the mystic bowl,
And drink, and drink, and drink again;
For drinking fires the soul.

But soon, too soon, with one accord they reel;
Each on his seat begins to nod;
All conquering Bacchus' pow'r they feel,
And pour libations to the jolly god.
At length with dinner, and with wine oppress'd,
Down in their chairs they sink, and give themselves
to rest.

EPIGRAM.

TIME.

Old Father Time stands still for none;
This moment here, the next he's gone;
And tho' you speak him e'er so kind,
He never lags one step behind.
If then with Time you'd forward be,
You e'en must run as fast as he.

POETICAL EFFUSION.

BY

MR. AYLOFFE, TRIN. COLL.

Nulla manere diu nequæ vivere carminant possum, quæ scribantur aque notoribus.

He that first said he knew the worth of wit,
Lov'd well his glass, and as he drank he writ;
Vast was his soul, and sparkling was the wine,
Which strangely did inspire each mighty line.
The wat'ry springs of *Helicon* are themes
Fit for dull *Freshmen* and dull *Doctors'* dreams; [1]
Not flood of *Cam*, or well of *Aristotle*,
Yield half the pleasure of the charming bottle;
Poor scribes then, that bread and water use,
The slender diet of a Bridewell muse.
As easily may water, poets make,
As coffee, politicians does create,
The two grand Whigs of Poetry and State.
When booths on *Thames* were built, and oxen roasted,

But soon, too soon, with one accord they reel;
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When booths on *Thames* were built, and oxen roasted,

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES,

ASCRIBED

TO THE LATE PROFESSOR PORSON.

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
  The devil's a walking gone;
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
  And see how his stock there goes on.
And over the hill, and over the dale
  He rambled, and over the plain:
And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long tail,
  As a gentleman switches his cane.

"And pray now, how was the devil drest?"
  Oh, he was in his sunday's best;
His coat it was red, and his breeches were blue,
  With a hole behind, which his tail went through.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
  On a dunghill by his own stable ;
And the devil he smiled, for it put him in mind
  Of Cain and his brother Abel.

He saw an apothecary on a white horse,
  Ride by on his vocation ;
And again he smiled, for it put him in mind
  Of death in the revelation.
He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
  Says he, "We are both of one college;"
For I myself sat, like a cormorant, once
  Hard by the tree of knowledge."

He saw school-boys acting prayers at morn,
  And naughty plays at night ;
And, "Oho Mr Dean," he shouted, "I ween
  My own good trade goes right."
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house ;
  A cottage of quality :
And the devil did grin ; for his darling sin
  Is pride that apes humility.

He saw swim down the river, with wind and tide,
  A pig, with vast celerity:
Oh, it cut its own throat, and he thought the while
  Of England's commercial prosperity.
He pass'd Cold-Bath-Fields, and saw
  A solitary cell:
And the devil he paused, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
  Fetter a troublesome blade;
Nimbly, quoth he, do the fingers move
  If a man be but used to his trade.
He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man
  With but little expedition;
Which put him in mind of the long debates
  On the slave trade abolition.

He saw General [illegible]'s burning face,
  Which put him into a consternation;
So he hied to his lake, for, by a slight mistake,
  He thought 'twas a general conflagration.

Sir Nicholas grinn'd, and switch'd his tail
With joy and admiration;
For he thought of his daughter Victory,
And her darling babe, Taxation.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE CHARMS OF MY MISTRESS.

[From the Greek.]

Three goddesses once by young Paris were seen,
And well might he boast of so noble a sight;
But as lately with lovely Belinda I've been,
I can boast of more joys, and a vision more bright.
Belinda is Juno whenever she walks,
Like Venus she smiles, and like Pallas she talks.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

BY

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Throw an apple up a hill,
Down the apple tumbles still;
Roll it down, it never stops
' Till within the vale it drops;
So are all things prone to love,
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the stream,
Up ascends the lambent flame;
Smoke and vapour mount the skies,
All preserve their unities.
Nought below, and nought above,
Seems averse, but prone to love.

THE CAMBRIDGE TART.

Stop the meteor in its flight,
Or the orient rays of light;
Bid Dan Phœbus not to shine,
Bid the planets not incline—
' Tis as vain below, above,
To impede the course of love.

Salamanders live in fire,
Eagles to the skies aspire;
Diamonds in their quarries lie,
Rivers do the sea supply;
Thus appears, below, above,
A propensity to love.

Metals grow within the mine,
Luscious grapes upon the vine;
Still the needle marks the pole,
Parts are equal to the whole;
' Tis a truth as clear, that Love,
Quickens all below, above.

Man is born to live and die,
Snakes to creep, and birds to fly;
Fishes in the water swim,
Doves are mild, and Lions grim;
Nature thus below, above,
Pushes all things on to love.

Does the cedar love the mountain?
Or the thirsty deer the fountain?
Does the shepherd love his crook?
Or the willow court the brook?
Thus by Nature, all things move,
Like a running stream, to Love.

Is the valiant hero bold?
Does the miser doat on gold?
Seek the birds in spring to pair?
Breathes the rose-bud scented air?
Should you this deny, you'll prove
Nature is averse to Love.

As the wencher loves a lass,
As the toper loves his glass,
As the friar loves his cowl,
As the miller loves the toll,
So do all, below, above,
Fly precipitate to Love.

When young maidens courtship shun,
When the moon outshines the sun,
When the tiger lambs beget,
When the snow is black as jet,
When the planets cease to move,
Then shall Nature cease to Love.

AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION IN A COLLEGE.[1]

BY

J. DUNCOMBE, M. A.

CORPUS CHRISTI, OR BENE'T COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE.

The curfew tolls the hour of closing gates,
With jarring sound the porter turns the key,
Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,
And slowly, sternly quits it—tho' for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And thro' the cloister peace and silence reigns,
Save where some fiddler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowl inspires a jovial strain;

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where lies a student in profound repose
Oppress'd with ale, wide-echoes thro' the gloom,
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where, thro' the glimmering shade,
Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful Fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell, proclaiming early prayers,
The noisy servants rattling o'er their heads,
The calls of business, and domestic cares
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy beds.

No chattering females crowd their social fire,
No dread have they of discord and of strife;
Unknown the names of husband and of sire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they basked along the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight,
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

O let not Temperance, too disdainful, hear
  How long their feasts, how long their dinners
    last!
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
  On these unmarried men reflections cast!

The splendid fortune and the beauteous face,
  (Themselves confess it and their sires bemoan)
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace;
  These sons of Science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
  If these no feasts of gaiety display,
Where, thro' proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault
  Melodious Frasi trills her quavering lay.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band,
  Does broider'd coat agree with sable gown,
Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand,
  Or learning's votaries ape the beaux of Town?

Perhaps in these time-trotting walls reside
  Some who were once the darlings of the fair;
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
  Controul the manager, and awe the player.

But science now has fill'd their vacant mind
  With Rome's rich spoils and truth's exalted
    views;
Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
  And bade them slight all females but the muse.

Full many a lark, high-towering to the sky,
  Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
  With twinkling lustre glimmers thro' the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
  Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose;
Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke here may rest,
  Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And steer with steady course the helm of state.

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues; but their crimes confines;
Forbids in Freedom's veil to insult the throne,
Beneath her mask to hide the worst designs.

To fill the madding crowds' perverted mind
With "pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews;"
Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

en now their books from cobwebs to protect,
nclos'd by doors of glass, in doric style,
polish'd pillars rais'd with bronzes deck'd,
They claim the passing tribute of a smile.

are the authors' names, though richly bound,
Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care;
d many a catalogue is strew'd around,
To tell th' admiring guests what books are there.

who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book?
no there but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on these cases casts a lingering look.

ports attract the lawyer's longing eyes;
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require;
r songs and plays the voice of beauty cries,
And sense and nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
  Do'st in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
  Some antiquarian shall require thy fate,

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
  And say, "Each morn, unchill d by frosts, he ran,
" With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
  "To reach the chapel ere the psalms began.

"There in the arms of that lethargic chair,
  " Which rears its moth-devoured back so high,
" At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
  " And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

" Now by the fire, engaged in serious talk,
  " O'er mirthful converse, would he loitering stand;
" There in the garden chose a sunny walk,
  "Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand.

"One morn we miss'd him at the hour of pray'r,
"Beside the fire, and on his favourite green;
"Another came, nor yet within the chair,
"Nor yet at bowls nor chapel was he seen.

"The next we heard that in a neighbouring shire,
"That day to church he led a blushing bride;
"A nymph, whose snowy vest and maiden fear,
"Improv'd her beauty while the knot was tied.

"Now, by his patron's bounteous care removed,
"He roves, enraptured through the fields of Kent;
"Yet ever mindful of the place he loved,
"Read here the letter which he lately sent."

THE LETTER.

"In rural innocence secure I dwell,
"Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
"Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
"And social quiet marks me for his own.

" Next to the blessings of religious truth,
" Two gifts my endless gratitude engage;
" A wife, the joy and comfort of my youth,
" A son, the pride and comfort of my age.

" Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
" In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;
" Content with calm domestic life, where meet
"The smiles of friendship and the sweets of love.

A PHILOSOPHICAL EPIGRAM.

Says the Earth to the Moon, " You're a pilfering jade;
What you steal from the Sun is beyond all belief!"
Fair Cynthia replies, " Madam Earth, hold your prate;
The receiver is always as bad as the thief!"

THE PRETTY BAR-KEEPER OF THE MITRE.

A Ballad, written at College, 1741,

BY

CHRISTOPHER SMART, PEMBROKE HALL.

I.

" Relax, sweet girl, your wearied hand,
" And to hear the poet talk,
" Gentlest creature of your kind,
" Lay aside your sponge and chalk ;
" Cease, cease the bar-bell, nor refuse
" To hear the jingle of the Muse.

II.

" Hear your numerous vot'ries prayers,
" Come, O come, and bring with thee
" Giddy whimsies, wanton airs,
" And all love's soft artillery ;
" Smiles, and throbs, and frowns, and tears,
" With all thy little hopes and fears.

III.

She heard—she came—and 'ere she spoke,
  Not unravish'd you might see
Her wanton eyes that wink'd the joke,
  'Ere her tongue could set it free.
While a forc'd blush her cheeks inflam'd,
And seem'd to say she was asham'd.

IV.

No handkerchief her bosom hid,
  No tippet from our sight debars
Her heaving breast with moles o'erspread,
  Mark'd little hemispheres, with stars;
While on them all our eyes we move,
Our eyes that meant immoderate love.

V.

In every gesture, every air,
  Th' imperfect lisp, the languid eye,
In every motion of the fair
  We awkward imitators vie;
And forming our own from her face,
Strive to look pretty, as we gaze.

VI.

If e'er she sneer'd the mimic crowd
Sneer'd too, and all their pipes laid down;
If she but stoop'd, we lowly bow'd,
And sullen, if she 'gan to frown,
In solemn silence sat profound—
But did she laugh!—the laugh went round.

VII.

Her snuff-box if the nymph pull'd out,
Each *Johnian* in responsive airs
Fed with the tickling dust his snout,
With all the politesse of bears.[1]
Dropt she her fan beneath her hoop,[2]
E'en stake-stuck *Clarians* strove to stoop.

VIII.

The sons of culinary Kays[3]
Smoking from the eternal treat,
Lost in extatic transport, gaze
As tho' the fair were good to eat;
E'en gloomiest King's men, pleased awhile,[4]
"Grin horribly a ghastly smile."

IX.

"But hark," she cries, "my mamma calls,"
And straight she's vanish'd from our sight,
'Twas then we saw the empty bowls,
'Twas then we first perceived it night;
While all, sad synod, silent moan,
Both that she went—and went alone.

A SIMILE.

LOVE AND A BEE.

I see Love's passion will agree
In various items with a Bee;
Love, as a Bee, its sweets can *bring*,
And like the Bee it leaves a sting,
And like the Bee too, love will settle
At hearing the glad sound of metal.

POVERTY AND POETRY,

BY

W. BROOME, ST. JOHN'S.

'Twas sung of old, how one *Amphion*,
Could by his verses tame a lion;
And by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make bears, or wolves, dance rigadoons:
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town;
But it is plain that in these times
No house is raised by poet's rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles in the air!
Poor are the brethren of the *Bays*,
Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes.
The muses too are virgins yet,
And may be, till they portions get.

Yet still the doating rhymer dreams,
And sings of *Helicon's* bright streams;
But *Helicon*, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water;
Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
Of *Nectar*, and *Elysian* springs.
What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards, his influence o'er your heads?
Lawyers, by endless controversies,
Consume unthinking client's purses,
As *Pharaoh's* kine, which strange and odd
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.
The grave physician, who by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade—
Tho' patients die, the doctor's paid;
Licens d to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts the gallows.
In shady groves the muses stray,
And love in flow'ry meads to play;
An idle crew! whose only trade is
To shine in trifles, like the ladies;

:essing, dancing, toying, singing,
le wiser Pallas thrives by spinning;
; they gain nothing to bequeath
r vot'ries, but the *laurel wreath.*

Love rewards the bard! the Fair
ıd his song, and ease his care:
! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
ıout a jointure, tho' a *Virgil.*

d you like *Phœbus* sing, in vain
nobly swell the lofty strain,
Daphne flies, and you will find as
l hearts as her's in your *Belinda's.*

then some say you purchase fame,
gain that envied prize, a *name;*
t recompense; like his who sells
ımond for beads and bells;
Fame be thought sufficient bail
eep the poet from the jail?

Thus the brave soldier in the wars,
Gets *empty* purse, and *aching* scars :
Is paid with fame and wooden legs,
And starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs !

EPIGRAM,

BY

PORSON,

A Spontaneous Effusion, made at the request of a litt who was his favourite, on a servant, named Susan, wl was ironing linen.

When lovely Susan irons smocks,
No damsel e'er look'd neater ;
Her eyes are brighter than her box,
And burn me like a heater.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,

BY

DR. CORBET,

Written the beginning of 1700.

FORMERLY OF EMANUEL COLL. AND BISHOP OF NORWICH.

Am I mad, O noble Festus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the Pope,
As well as the best in the college?
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

In the house of pure Emanuel [1]
I had my education,
Where my friends surmise
I dazzl'd my eyes
With the sight of revelation.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplic
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

They bound me like a bedlam,
They lash'd my four quarters;
Whilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of Fox's martyrs.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplic
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

These injuries I suffer
Through antichrist's persuasion;
Take off this chain,
Neither Rome nor Spain
Can resist my strong invasion.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

Of the beast's ten horns (God bless us!)
I have knock'd off three already;
If they let me alone
I'll leave him none:
But they say I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city,
I met the great red dragon;
I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplic
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

With a fiery sword and target
There fought I with this monster:
But the sons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surpli
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

I unhorsed the whore of Babel,
With the lance of inspiration;
I made her stink,
And spill the drink
In her cup of abomination.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

I have seen two in a vision
With a flying book between them.[2]
I have been in dispair
Five times a year,
And been cured by reading Greenham.[3]
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

I observed in Perkin's tables [4]
The black line of damnation;
These crooked veins
So stuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surpli
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I placed my chiefest pleasure:
Till I pricked my foot
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surpli
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

I appear'd before the Archbishop,[5]
And all the high commission;
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face,
That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray
Nine times a day,
And fill your head with crotchets.

A WHIMSICAL EPITAPH,

BY

MILTON.

Written on the death of THOMAS HOBSON, who rendered himself famous by furnishing Cantabs with horses. He made it an unalterable rule, that every horse should have an equal portion of rest as well as labour; and he would never let one out of its turn. Hence arose the saying—

"Hobson's choice: this, or none".

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER, WHO SICKEN'D IN THE TIME OF HIS VACANCY; BEING FORBID TO GO TO LONDON, BY REASON OF THE PLAGUE.

Here lies old Hobson; death has broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.

ras such a shifter, that if truth were known,
ıth was half glad when he had got him down;
he had many times, these ten years full,
lg'd with him, 'twixt Cambridge and the Bull.
surely death could never have prevailed,
not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
lately finding him so long at home,
thinking now his journey's end was come,
that he had ta'en up his latest Inn,
ıe kind office of a chamberline,
w'd him his room where he must lodge that
night,
ed off his boots, and took away the light:
ıy ask for him, it shall be said,
ıson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.

ANOTHER EPITAPH ON THE SAME,

BY

MILTON.

Here lyeth one who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny :—never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot.
Made of sphere metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old Truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an engine, moved with wheel and weight
His principles being ceas'd, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.

erely to drive away the time he sicken'd,
ainted and died, nor would withal be quicken'd;
Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
ut vow", tho' the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For *carrier* put down to make six *bearers*."
ase was his chief disease, and to judge right,
e died for heav'ness that his cart was light:
is leisure told him that his time was come,
nd lack of load made his life burdensome.
hat e'en to his last breath (there be that say't)
; he were press'd to death, he cried more weight.
it had his doings lasted as they were,
e had been an immortal carrier.
bedient to the moon, he spent his date
course reciprocal, and had his fate
nk'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
et, strange to think, his wane was his increase.
is letters are deliver'd all, and gone,
nly remains this superscription.[1]

ODE,

TO

THE UNAMBITIOUS BACHELORS.

Post tot naufragia tutus. *Virg.*

Thrice happy ye, thro' toil and dangers past,
Who rest upon that peaceful shore,
Where all your fagging is no more,
And gain the long-expected port at last.

Yours are the sweet, the ravishing delights,
To doze and snore upon your noon-tide beds;
No chapel-bell your peaceful sleep affrights,
No problems trouble now your empty heads.

Yet if the heav'nly muse is not mistaken,
And poets say the muse can rightly guess,
I fear, full many of you must confess,
That you have barely *sav'd your bacon.*

Amidst the appalling, problematic war,
Where dire equations frown in dread array;
Ye never strove to find the arduous way,
To where proud Granta's honours shine afar.

Within that dreadful mansion have ye stood,
When *Moderators* glar'd with looks uncivil,
How often have ye d—d their souls, their blood,
And wish'd all *Mathematics* at the Devil!

But ah! what terrors on that fatal day
Your souls appall'd, when, to your stupid gaze,
Appear'd the *bi-quadratic's* darken'd maze,
And problems ranged in horrible array!

Hard was the task, I ween, the labour great,
To the wish'd port to find your uncouth way—
How did ye toil, and fag, and fume, and fret,
And—what the bashful Muse would blush to say.

But now your painful tremors all are o'er—
Cloth'd in the glories of a full-sleev'd gown,
Ye strut majestically up and down,
And now ye fag, and now ye fear no more.

GRANTA, A MEDLEY.

BY

LORD BYRON.

1806.

Αργυρεαις λογχαισι μαχου και παντα Κρατησαις

Oh! could Le Sage's demons gift
Be realiz'd at my desire;
This night my trembling form he'd lift
To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroofed, old Granta's halls
Pedantic inmates full display,
Fellows who dream o'er lawn, or stalls,
The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,
P-tty and P—lm—s—n survey;
Who canvas there, with all their might,
Against the next elective day.

Lo ! candidates and voters lie
All lulled in sleep, a goodly number !
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience wont disturb their slumber.

Lord H———, indeed, may not demur,
Fellows are sage reflecting men ;
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom—now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal ;
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And, therefore, smiles on his proposal.

Now from the soporific scene
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
To view unheeded, and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
  The candidate for college prizes,
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
  Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

He surely well deserves to gain them,
  With all the honours of his college,
Who striving hardly to obtain them,
  Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge.

Who sacrifices hours of rest
  To scan precisely metres attic;
Or agitates his anxious breast,
  In solving problems mathematic.

Who reads false quantities in Seale,[2]
  Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Depriv'd of many a wholesome meal,
  In barbarous Latin doomed to wrangle.[3]

Renouncing every pleasing page,
  From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
  The square of the hypotheneuse.[4]

Still harmless are these occupations,
  That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
  Which bring together the imprudent.

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
  Which vice and infamy combine;
When drunkenness and dice invite,
  As every sense is steeped in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,
  Who plans of reformation lay;
In humbler attitude they sue,
  And for the sins of others pray.

Forgetting that the pride of spirit,
  Their exultation in their trial,
Detracts most largely from their merit,
  Of all their boasted self-denial.

'Tis morn, from these I turn my sight;
  What scene is this, which meets the eye?
A numerous crowd array'd in white,[5]
  Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell;
'Tis hush'd:—what sounds are these I hea
The organ's soft celestial swell,
Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain;
And he who hears the music long,
Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners,
All mercy now must be refus'd
To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before hi
To us his psalms had ne'er descended,
In furious mood he would have tore'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken,
By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
  Inspired by stratagem, or fear;
They might have set their hearts at ease,
  The devil a soul had staid to hear.

But, if I scribble longer now,
  The deuce a soul will stay to read;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low,
  'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires,
  No more like Cleophas I fly,
No more thy theme my muse inspires,
  The reader's tired, and so am I.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION, 1806,

BY

THE SAME.

High in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
Magnus his ample front sublime appears ; [1]
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a God,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod;
As all around still wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder, shakes the sounding doom ;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskilled to plod in mathematics rules.
Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside ;
Who scarcely skilled an English line to pen,
Scans attic metres with a critic's ken,
What! though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead;

When Edward bade his conquering bands advance;
Or trampled o'er the fallen crest of France;
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.
Such is the youth, whose scientific pate,
Class-honours, Medals, Fellowships, await;
Or, even perhaps, the Declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But lo! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope;
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' ATHENIAN's glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear or warm, is useless, since
We do not try by speaking to convince;
Be other orators of pleasing proud,
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd:
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan;

No borrowed grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the Dean;
Whilst every staring graduate would prate,
Against what he could never imitate.
The man who hopes to obtain the promis'd cup,
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up
Nor stop, but rattle over every word,
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard:
Thus let him hurry on nor think to rest,
Who speaks the fastest 's sure to speak the best;
Who utters most within the shortest space,
May safely hope to win the wordy race.
The sons of science these, who thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where, on Cam's sedgy bank supine they lie,
Unknown—unhonoured live—unwept for—die.
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls;
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise?
Yet prizing BENTLEY'S, BRUNK'S, or PORSON note,[2]
More than the verse on which the critic wrote

Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;
To friendship dead, tho' not untaught to feel,
When self and church demand a bigot zeal.
With eager haste they court the Lord of power,
Whether 'tis PITT or P-TTY rules the hour:
To him with suppliant smiles they bend their head,
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They'd fly to seek the next who filled his place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard,
Such is their practice, such is their reward!
This much, at least, we may presume to say,
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

BALLAD,

BY

DOCTOR BYROM,

WHEN AN UNDER GRADUATE OF TRINITY COLLEG
AND ADDRESSED TO MISS FANNY, DAUGHTER (
THE CELEBRATED DOCTOR BENTLEY, THEN MASTE

I.

My time, O ye muses, was happily spent,
When *Phebe* went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast
Sure never fond shepherd like *Colin* was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find?
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but alas it was she.

II.

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.

But now I so cross and so peevish am grown;
So strangely uneasy as ever was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart, I am sure, it weighs more than a
pound.

III.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little *Cupid,* if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me
complain.

IV.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes
play,
And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When *spring, love,* and *beauty,* were all in their
prime!

But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
Be still, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

V.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour look,
Cry "sirrah;" and give him a *blow* with my crook;
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master when Phebe's away?

VI.

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I seen?
How fair was the flow'rs, how fresh was the green?
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields, and hedges, and every thing made?

But now she has left me, tho' all are still here,
They none of them now so delightful appear :
'Twas nought but the *magic*, I find, of her *eyes*,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

VII.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too ;
Winds over us whisper'd, *flocks* by us did bleat,
And *chirp* went the grasshopper under our feet :
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone ;
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue ?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile ?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile ?
Ah ! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And make yourselves fine for a place in her *breast* :
You put on your *colours* to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her *hand*, on her *bosom* to die.

IX.

How slowly time creeps, 'till my Phebe return ?
When amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 't would melt
down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah Colin ! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst
say.

X.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove !
But what swain is so silly as live without love ?
No, Deity bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair ;
Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

THE CAMBRIDGE TERM.

BY S. F. H.

To the college once more the gay student repairs,
With ponderous heart and a pair of *light* pockets,
To slumber o'er books for which no body cares,
Till his eyes, like his candles, grow dim in their sockets.

Like a vessel becalm'd in an indolent ocean,
At life's busy scenes he incontinent rails; [motion,
While the wind, that should give the adventurer
Gets into his stomach instead of his sails!

No mistress to tattle, no play to solace,
He in solitude sighs for his *bottle* and *punk*,
And pants for a chaste meretricious embrace—
A Madona to banish the gloom of the monk!

Here in various sports he consumes his dull hours;
For *Latin* is *arsenic*, Greek *henbane*, to him:—
One moment he mounts, and on Pegasus scours,
The next goes to sleep o'er a book, or a theme.

In his flights to Parnassus, the same indiscretion
Attending the hero in all his mis-deeds,
With scurrility, satire, lampoons, and digression
A perfect poetical rhapsody breeds.

Tired at length with his tutor, and teaz'd with his
task,
He silently raves round his desolate cavern,
Till he *ticks* for another oblivious flask,
And imports a fresh cargo of fun, from the tavern.

Then at night, stealing out in his *Cap* and his *Gown*,
Exhausted in fruitless pursuits after knowledge,
He roams, like a fugitive Monk, round the town,
And returns, like a Bacchanal, drunk to his college.

Thus in college a constant inanity reigns,
Which alternately seizes his purse or his skull :—
When his pockets are empty, he puzzles his brains,
Which again becomes vacant when that becomes
full.

ADDRESS TO MATHEMATICS.

BY

A WRANGLER.

With thee, divine Mathesis, let me live!
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
A lustre spreading o'er the mind of man,
Nobler than that whose mild vibrations soothe
The parted soul, when from the body freed,
Her corporal prison, in celestial day
She rises all-triumphant, all-inspir'd,
All-glorious, to her new supreme abode.
So thou, divine Mathesis, soarest high
Above the mass of earthly low desires!
'Tis thou, that born of Heaven, and angel-wing'd,
Gainest the heights of *Science* where she reigns
Thron'd in eternal day, with nature round:

And in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To reason's and to fancy's eyes displays
The chain of causes, from the dreary void
Of first creation, up to Him whose vast
Omnipotent spirit alone possesses that
Essential being, which preserves and made
The whole magnificence of Heaven and Earth.
Tutor'd by thee, Mathesis, let me live!
This divine particle of breath, by thee
Is render'd more divine, and shines abroad
In its own native colours. Heavenly Nymph!
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd Man?
A savage, roaming through the dreary woods
In search of prey, wand'ring o'er endless wilds
In darkest night; devoid of every art
And elegance of life! Nor gold were his,
Nor social happiness, nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the plough
Mechanic; nor the heaven-directed prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The torrid zone, or dares the wintry pole.
Thy influence is like the balmy dew

That flows from clouds, when first the morn
awakes ;
Thy powers refine our manners ; thy regards
Embellish life ; for, while laborious crowds
Toil in dark ignorance, thy hand directs
Our wand'ring minds ; thy power invisible
Swells out, and bears this lower world along.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE TRANSLATION OF DR. MANNERS SUTTON, TO THE SEE OF CANTERBURY, ON THE DEATH OF DR. MOORE.

What say you ? the Archbishop's dead—
A loss, indeed ! Oh ! on his head
Pray God his blessings pour !
But if with such a heart and mind,
A Manners you his equal find,
How can you wish for Moore ?

SONG,

IN PRAISE OF SACK.

BY

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Listen all, I pray
To the words I've to say,
In memory sure insert 'em ;
Rich wine do us raise
To the honour of bays ;
Quem non fecere desertum ?

Of all the juice
Which the gods produce,
Sack shall be preferr'd before 'em ;
'Tis sack that shall
Create us all
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo virorum.

We abandon all ale,
And beer that is stale,
Rosa Solis and damnable hum;
But we will crack
In the praise of Sack,
'Gainst *omne quod exit in um.*

This is the wine
Which in former time
Each wise one of the Magi,
Was wont to carouse
In frolicsome blouse,
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane,
And a rope be their shame,
Let the gout and the cholic pine 'em,
That offer to shrink
In taking their drink,
Seu Græcum, sive Latinum

Let the glass go round,
Let the quart pot sound;
Let each one do as he's done to;
Avaunt ye that hug
The abominable jug,
'Mongst us *heteroclita sunto.*

There's no such disease
As he that doth please
His palate with beer, for to shame us;
'Tis sack makes us sing,
Hey down a down ding,
Musa paulo majore canamus.

He is either mute,
Or does poorly dispute,
That drinks not wine as we men do;
The more a man drinks,
Like a subtle sphinx,
Tantum valet iste loquendo.

'Tis true our souls,
By the lousy bowls
Of beer that doth naught but swill us,
Do go into swine
(Pythagoras 'tis thine)
Nam vos mutastis et illas.

When I've sack in my brain
I'm in merry vein,
And this to me a bliss is;
Him that is wise
I can justly dispise,
Mecum confertur Ulysses?

How it cheers the brains!
How it warms the veins!
How against all crosses, it arms us!
How it makes him that's poor
Courageously roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the boy,
My delight and joy,
To my *tantum* that drinks his *tale*:
By sack he that waxes,
In our syntaxis,
Est verbum personale.

Art thou weak or lame,
Or thy wits to blame?
Call for sack and thou shalt have it;
'Twill make him rise,
And be very wise,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolic rounds,
We have merry go-downs,
Yet nothing is done at random;
For when we're, to pay,
We club and away
Id est commune notandum.

The blades that want cash,
Have credit for crash,
They'll have sack whatever it cost 'em;
They do not pay
Till another day.
Manet alta mente repostum.

Who ne'er fails to drink
All clear from the brink,
With a smooth and even swallow,
I'll offer at a shrine,
And call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still,
And ne'er has his fill,
Hath a passage like a conduit,
The sack doth inspire
In rapture and fire,
Sic æther æthera fundit.

When you merrily quaff,
If any go off,
And slily offer to pass ye,
Give their nose a twitch,
And kick 'em in the breech,
Nam componuntur ab asse.

I have told you plain,
And will tell you again
Be he furious as Orlando,
He is an ass
That from hence doth pass;
Nisi bibit ab ostia stando.

LAVINIA,

WALKING IN A FROSTY MORNING.

Supposed to be written by

MILTON.

I' the non-age of a winter's day,
Lavinia, glorious as May,
To give the morn an earlier birth,
Pac'd a mile of crusted earth;
When each place, by which she came,
From her veins conceived a flame.
The amorous plants began to strive,
Which should first be sensitive;
Every *hoary-headed twig*
Dropp'd his snowy periwig,
And each bow'd his icy beard:
On either side her walks were heard
Whispers of decrepit wood,
Calling to their roots for blood;

The gentle soil did mildly greet
The welcome kisses of her feet:
And, to retain such treasure,
Like wax dissolving, *took her measure.*
Lavinia stood amaz'd, to see
Things of yearly certainty
Thus to rebel against their season:
And though a stranger to the reason,
Back retiring quenched their heat,
And *Winter* took his former seat.

EPIGRAM,

ON DEATH.

On death, tho' wit is oft display'd,
No epigram could e'er be made;
Poets stop short, and lose their breath,
When coming to the *point* of death.

A
JOHNIAN TRIANGLE,

CONSTRUCTED IN HALL,

AT THE EXAMINATION IN TRIGONOMETRY,

DEC. 17. 1822.

---

he Cosine of A is a horrible bore,
f its Cosine of 2 A, I know little more,—
o pray Mr. H—, spare me secants and sines,
ut give me due credit for elegant *Lines*

ld Spherics, they say, is an excellent hand,
ive me, for clear reason, more excellent Bland,
Vould he, to my wantings, add compliments trim,
'd ennoble my subject, and compliment him.

Farewell to chords, tangents, and radii too ;
I'm off in a tangent, as shortly you'll view ;
All Rads I detest, from the depth of my soul,—
May cords bind their necks, rings my whiskey
punch bowl.

No matter to me, if the matter be *base*,
Whether areas or angles be found from the place,
The area of nature is most my delight,
And faith, I would angle from morning till night.

If I must seek for arcs,—let it be on the waves,
Where Camus with circling his willow-bank laves;
If I must seek for centres,—my Mary I'm true,
All the force of attraction lies center'd in you !

So adieu, for a time, to all plain trigonometry,
Too plainly a mount in the plains of geometry ;
Away from its summit how gladly I ru[illegible]
To yield my whole mind up to frolic and fun.

Seek and seek.

EPITAPH

INTENDED FOR HIS BED-MAKER.

re lies the corpse of Sarah H—t,
io seldom gave, or took affront,
:'d some good qualities I knew,—
chance she had her failings too,—
l so may I, and so may you :
: reader, if you should have none,
ıy, at poor Sarah, cast a stone.

EPIGRAM

ON

INFORMERS,

BY

EN JONSON, ST JOHN'S COLL.

ormers are state lights, made of base stuff,
o when they've burnt themselves down to the snuff,
ık and are thrown away, and *fair enough.*

A PREFACE

TO THE CAMBRIDGE VERSES UPON THE DEATH OF FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES, FATHER OF GEORGE THE THIRD. BY MR. MARRIOT, AFTERWARDS SIR JAMES: WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF THOSE POEMS, IN A COFFEE-HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE.

Here you may read till you are sick,
Greek, Hebrew, English, Arabic,
Of doleful tales to make you weep,
Or dreams, enough to make you sleep.
Some Poets, like the Lapland witches,
Ride thro' the air sublime on switches;
So high they mount, so swiftly fly,
They scorn the search of common eye.
Others in Locke and Newton read;
The ground, with humble footsteps tread;
Their sense is plain, as is your nose,
As plain as if 'twere sober prose.
'Twas kind, for oft to wrack one's brains,
'Tis hardly worth a reader's pains.

Thrice happy bards ! least understood !
Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, must be good :
Behind such lines entrench'd, the fame,
Which hardy critics dare to blame,
In spoils of Virgil, Horace, drest,
High rears the Latin bard his crest ;
From first to last indeed we see,
A mighty pretty parody————
Some other native nonsense chuse,
And try in blank the grumbling muse ;
Strains hoarser than wheel-barrow sounding :
O'er stones, rough, rattling, rumbling, bounding :
Then all for Pope, how soft how fine,
Antithesis each other line !
Strange sight, on foot Pindarics walk,
'Midst clouds and stars Elegiacs stalk !
Such is the fate of every wight,
Genius or no, we all must write.
All-knowing sophs, ! all-powerful fellows !
Amid dead embers blow the bellows :
And puff and sweat a fire to raise.
Which only of itself can blaze.

THE BROTHER OF THE EARL OF B— WROTE UNDER THEM,

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE PREFACE.

'Tis lust in satire which thy mind annoys,
Without distinction e'en gross love enjoys ;
Nor to folly, nor stupidity confining,
The object of thy spleen is versifying :
Nor dignity, nor sense escapes thy spite,
To those in provocation but to write.

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THE PREFACE ADDED EXTEMPORE,

TO THE ABOVE MOST VALOROUS KNIGHT, PROTECTOR OF BAD POETS.

If coxcombs in Apollo's spite,
Will, to their own disgracing, write,
E'en for their folly let them smart ;
I love a joke with all my heart !
If they are dull what's that to you,
Must you, good sir, write dully too ?
And like a well-bred Gentleman,
Scrawl verses ere you've learnt to scan ?

Why 'gainst the critic all this rage ?
A Poet rises once an age :
And to Heaven's wise laws we owe it,
Each honest man is not a poet.
Fun was the critic's mere intent,
No spite he knew, no harm he meant,
To generals confin'd his plan,
Nor named one honest stupid man.
But if so sore he cannot bear it,
Who likes the cap may win and wear it.

LINES,

BY

SIR WM. BROWNE, PET. COLL.

Who was a zealous Whig.

The king to Cambridge sent a troop of horse,
For Tories know no argument but force :
With equal skill, to Cambridge books he sent ;
For whigs allow no force but argument.

AD AMICUM LITAGANTUM.

BY

THO. RANDOLPH, TRIN. COLL.

Would you commence a poet sir, and be
A graduate in the threadbare mystery?
The *Ox's ford* will no man thither bring,
Where the horse hoofs raised the *Pegasian spring*;
Nor will the bridge thro' which low *Cam* doth run,
Direct you to the banks of *Helicon.*
If in that art you mean to take degrees
Bedlam's the best of *universities.*
There study it, and when you would no more
A poet be, go drink some *Hellebore;*
Which drug, when I had tasted, soon I left
The bare *Parnassus,* and the barren cleft;
And can no more one of their nation be,
Because recovered of my *Lunacy.*

But you may then succeed me in my place,
With no pretence to make your grace
Denied you, for you go to law, 'tis said;
And then 'tis ta'en for granted you are *mad*.

LINES ON MATHEMATICS.

Hence, loathed Mathematics!
Of Lecturer and blackest tutor born,
In lecture-room forlorn,
'Mongst horrid Quizzes, Bloods, and Bucks unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where pallid *study* spreads his midnight wings.
And dismal ditties sings:
Then 'midst unhallow'd souls, with sapless brains,
Compose thy sober strain,
And in the mind of reading quizzes dwell.

THE WOODEN SPOON.[1]

When sage Mathesis calls her sons to fame,
The *Senior-Wrangler* bears the highest name.
In academic honour richly deckt,
He challenges from all deserved respect.
But, if to visit friends he leaves his gown,
And flies in haste to cut a dash in Town;
The Wrangler's title, little understood,
Suggests a man in disputation good;
And those of common talents cannot raise
Their humble thoughts, a wrangler's mind to praise.
Such honours too on Englishmen soon fade,
Like laurel wreathes, the victor's brows that shade.
No such misfortune has that man to fear,
Whom fate ordains the last in fame's career;
His honours fresh remain, and e'en descend
To soothe his family, or chosen friend.
And while he lives, he *wields* the boasted prize,
Whose value all can feel, the weak, the wise;
Displays in triumph his distinguish'd boon,
The solid honours of the *Wooden Spoon*.

A LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE,

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AT ETON.

BY

Dr. LITTLETON.

Tho' plagued with Algebraic lectures,
And Astronomical conjectures,
Wean'd from the sweets of poetry
To scraps of dry philosophy,
You see, dear Sir, I've found a time
To express my thoughts to you in rhyme.
For why, my friend, should distant parts,
Or times, disjoin united hearts,
Since, though by intervening space
Deprived of speaking face to face,
By faithful emissary letter
We may converse as well, or better?
And not to stretch a narrow fancy,
To shew what pretty things I can say,

(As some will strain a simile;
First work it fine, and then apply
Tag Butler's rhymes to Prior's thoughts,
And chuse to mimic all their faults.
By head and shoulders bring a stick,
To shew their nack at Hudibrastic).
I'll tell you as a friend, and croney,
How here I spend my time and money;
For time, and money go together
As sure as weathercock, and weather;
And thrifty guardians all allow
This grave reflection to be true—
That whilst we pay so dear for learning,
Those weighty truths we've no concern in.
The spark who squanders time away
In vain pursuits, and fruitless play,
Not only proves an arrant blockhead,
But, what's much worse, is out of pocket.
Whether my conduct bad, or good is,
Judge from the nature of my studies.
No more majestic Virgil's heights,
No tow'ring Milton's loftier flights,

Nor courtly Flaccus's rebukes,
Who banters vice with friendly jokes,
Nor Congreve's life, nor Cowley's fire,
Nor all the beauties that conspire
To place the greenest bays upon
Th' immortal brows of Addison;
Prior's inimitable ease,
Nor Pope's harmonious numbers please;
Homer indeed, for critics shew it,
Was both philosopher, and poet;
But tedious philosophic chapters
Quite stifle my poetic raptures,
And I to Phœbus bade adieu
When first I took my leave of you.
Now *Algebra, Geometry,*
Arithmetic, Astronomy,
Optics, Chronology, and *Statics;*
All tiresome parts of *Mathematics;*
With twenty harder names than these
Disturb my brain and break my peace.
All seeming inconsistencies
Are nicely solved by A's and B's;

Our eye-sight is displayed by prisms,
Our arguments by syllogisms.
If I should confidently write
This ink is black, this paper white,
Or to express myself more fuller
Should say that black, or white's a colour;
They'd contradict it and perplex one
With motion, rays, and their reflection;
And solve th' apparent falsehood by
The curious texture of the eye.
Should I the poker want, and take it
When't looks as hot as fire can make it
And burn my fingers and my coat,
They'd flatly tell me, 'tis not hot;
The fire they say, is in't 'tis true,
The power of causing heat in you;
But no more heat's in fire than heat's in yo
Than there is pain in stick that beats you.
Thus too, philosophers expound
The names of our taste, and sound;
The salts, and juices in all meat,
Affect the tongue of them that eat,

And by some secret poignant power,
Give them the taste of sweet and sour;
Carnations, violets, and roses,
Cause the sensation in our noses;
But then there's none of us can tell
The things themselves have taste, or smell.
So when melodious Mason sings,
Or Gathering tunes the trembling strings,
Or when the trumpet's brisk alarms
Call forth the cheerful youth to arms,
Convey'd thro' undulating air,
The music's only in the ear.
We're told how planets roll on high,
How large their orbits, and how nigh;
I hope in little time to know
Whether the moon's a cheese or no;
Whether the man in't as some tell ye,
With beef and carrots fills his belly;
Why like a lunatic confin'd
He lives at distance from mankind;
When he at one good hearty shake,
Might whirl his prison off his back;

Or, like a maggot in a nut,
Full bravely eat his passage out.
Who knows what vast discoveries
From such enquiries might arise ?
But feuds, and tumults in the nation
Disturb such curious speculation.
Cambridge, from furious broils of state,
Foresees her near-approaching fate ;
Her surest patrons are remov'd,
And her triumphant foes approv'd.
No more ! this due to friendship take,
Not idly writ for writing's sake ;
No longer question my respect,
Nor call this short delay neglect ;
At least excuse it, when you see
This pledge of my sincerity,
For one who rhymes to make you easy,
And his invention strains to please ye,
To shew his friendship cracks his brains,
Sure he's a madman if he feigns.

STANZAS

ON THE POPULAR PLAY OF PIZARRO,

BY

PORSON.

As I walk'd thro' the Strand so careless and gay,
I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow,
Choice fruit, Sir, said she, and a bill of the play,
So my apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.

When I got to the door, I was squeezed, and cried dear me,
I wonder they made the entrance so narrow;
At last I got in, and found every one near me
Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.——

Lo! the hero appears, what a strut and a stride
He might easily pass for a Marshal to-morrow,
And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride,
The loving companion of gallant Pizarro.

But Elvira, alas! turn'd so dull and so prosy,
That I long'd for a hornpipe by little Del Caro;
Had I been 'mong the Gods I had surely cried Nosy,
Come play up a jig, and a fig for Pizarro.

On his wife and his child, his affections to pay,
Alonzo stood gazing and straight as an arrow;
Of him I have only this little to say,
His boots were much neater than those of Pizarro.

Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white and flowing,
Walk'd solemnly on like a sow and her farrow,
And politely informed the whole house they were going
To intreat Heaven's curses on noble Pizarro.

Rolla made a fine speech with such logic and grammar,
As must sure raise the envy of Counsellor Garrow;
It would sell for five pounds were it brought to the hammer.
For it raised all Peru against valiant Pizarro.

Four acts are tol lol, but the fifth's my delight,
Where history's trac'd with the pen of a Varro,
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,
Put an end to the piece by killing Pizarro.

I have finish'd my song if it had but a tune;
Nancy Dawson won't do, nor the sweet banks of Yarrow;
I vow I would sing it from morning till noon,
So much I am charm'd with the play of Pizarro.

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES,

BY

MR. KENDAL OF PETER HOUSE.

The town have found out different ways
To praise their different Lears;
To Barry they give loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

ODE,

TO THE HON. JOHN YORK,

IMITATED FROM HORACE, BOOK II, ODE 16.

BY

J. DUNCOMBE, M.A. C.C.C.C.

1751.

For quiet, on Newmarket's plain,
The shivering curate prays in vain,
  When wint'ry shower's are falling,
And stumbling steed, and whistling wind,
Quite banish from his anxious mind
  The duties of his calling.

With thoughts engross'd by routs and plays,
The gallant soph for quiet prays,
  Confuted and confuting;
And quiet is alike desired,
Even by the King's professor, tired
  With wrangling and disputing.

In crowded Senate, on the chair,
Our vice-chancellor sits with care,
  Undaunted by the Mace;
Care climbs the yacht, when adverse gales
Detain, or tear our patron's sails,
  And ruffles e'en his Grace.

How blest is he whose annual toil
With well-ranged trees improves a soil
  For ages yet unborn!
Such as at humble Barley *, plann'd,
By mitred Herring's youthful hand,
  The cultur'd glebe adorn.

From place to place we still pursue
Content, and hope in each to view
  The visionary guest;
Vainly we fly intruding care,
Not all, like you, the joys can share
  Of Wimpole and of Wrest.

---

* Dr. Herring, late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, was sometime Rector of Barley, a village near Barkway in Hertfordshire.

Then let us snatch, while in in our pow'r,
The present transitory hour,
  And leave to heaven the morrow;
Youth has its griefs; a friend may die,
Or nymph deceive; for none can fly
  The giant hand of sorrow.

His country's hope, and parent's pride,
In bloom of life, young Blandford died.
  His godlike father's eyes
Were dimm'd with age and helpless tears;
And heaven to me may grant the years,
  Which it to you denies.

Your rising virtues soon will claim
A portion of your brother's fame,
  And catch congenial fire;
They shine in embassy and war,
They grace the senate and the bar,
  And emulate their sire.

Invested with the sacred gown,
You soar, to rival their renown,
The glorious task shall join;
And while they guard Britannia's laws,
You, steady to Religion's cause,
Shall guard the laws divine.

EPIGRAM,

BY

JOS. BARNES, EMANUEL COLL.

A translation of two Greek lines, written by him upon a red Lion rampant, on the Pediment, over the western front of Emanuel College, holding a chaplet and the crest of the Founder.

Thy emblem fair, and Lion bold,
Well-pleas'd Emanuel's house I see:
If such a rank thy Lion's hold,
What mighty things thy *Men* must be.

THE THREE HEADED PRIEST.

Old Doctor Delve, a scribbling quiz,
  Afraid of Critic's jibes,
By turns assumes the varied phiz
  Of three old classic scribes.

Tho' now with high erected head,
  And lordly strut he'll go by us;
He once made Lawyer's robes 'tis said,
  And call'd himself *Mac-robius.*

Last night I ask'd the man to sup,
  Who shew'd a second alius,
He gobbled *all my jellies up,*
  O greedy *Aulus Gellius!*

On Sunday, arrogant and proud,
  He purs like any tom puss,
And reads the words of *God so loud,*
  He must be *Theo-pompus.*

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

I.

Come, ye good college lads, and attend to my lays,
I'll shew you the folly of poring o'er books;
For all you get by it is mere empty praise,
Or a poor meagre fellowship, and sallow looks.

CHORUS.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never repine;
And cram not your attics
With dry mathematics,
But moisten your clay with a bumper of wine.

II.

The first of mechanics was old Archimedes,
Who play'd with Rome's ships as he'd play cup and ball;
To play the same game, I can't see where the need is—
Or why we should fag mathematics at all.

CHORUS.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never repine;
And cram not your attics
With dry mathematics,
But moisten your clay with a bumper of wine.

III.

Great Newton found out the Binomial law,
To raise x+y to the power of b;
Found the distance of planets that he never saw,
And what we most probably never shall see.

CHORUS.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never repine;
And cram not your attics
With dry mathematics.
But moisten your clay with a bumper of wine.

IV.

Let Whiston and Ditton star-gazing enjoy,
And taste all the sweets mathematics can give;
Let us for our time find out better employ,
And knowing life's sweets let us learn how to live.

CHORUS.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never repine;
And cram not your attics
With dry mathematics,
But moisten your clay with a bumper of wine.

V.

These men *Ex absurdo* conclusions may draw;
Perpetual motion they never could find:
Not one of the set, lads, could balance a straw,—
And longitude-seeking is hunting the wind.

CHORUS.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never repine;
And cram not your attics
With dry mathematics,
But moisten your clay with a bumper of wine.

VI.

If we study at all, let us study the means
To make ourselves friends, and keep them when made;
Learn to value the blessings kind heaven ordains—
To make other men happy, let that be your trade.

CHORUS.

Let each day be better than each day before;
Without pain or sorrow,
To-day or to-morrow,
May we live, my good lads, to see many days more.

THE RUSTICATED CANTAB.

Dread worthies, I bow at your shrine,
And kneeling submissive, petition
You'll pardon this false step of mine,
And pity my dismal condition.

When ye met altogether of late,
In the room which we term *combination;*
To fix your petitioner's fate,
Alas! why did ye chuse *rustication.*

That my conduct was wrong, I must own,
  And your justice am forc'd to acknowledge;
But can I in no wise atone
  For my fault, without leaving the college;

Consider how strange 'twill appear,
  In the mind of each fine jolly Fellow;
That a Cantab was *banish'd a year,*
  Just for *roving* a little when *mellow.*

You have precedents no one denies,
  To prove it but just that I went hence;
But surely no harm could arise,
  If you were to relax in your sentence.

No, trust me, much good should proceed
  From granting this very great favour;
For, impress'd with a sense of the deed,
  I'd carefully mend my behaviour.

You will then have on me a strong hold,
  For gratitude's stronger than any tie:
Then pray do not think me too bold,
  In thus begging hard for some lenity.

But why should I humbly implore,
  Since to you all my sorrow's a farce ?
I'll supplicate Fellows no more,
  So, ye reverend Dons *caret pars.*

A GEORGIC,

ASCRIBED TO A GENTLEMAN OF SIDNEY COLLE

I.

George Brown is grown quite grave they say,
  But who believes the tale ?
George D'Oyley might as soon be gay,
  George Coldwell's flirting fail.

II.

George Dyer set the Thames on fire,
  George R— his ride renew ;
George R—t imitate his sire,
  And to his friends prove true.

III.

George Rose surpass George Canning's wit,
George Crabbe turn paltry writer;
George H— dice and faro quit,
George Prettyman his mitre!

IV.

Sooner George L—ds his pledge redeem,
His ill-timed rank forego;
Another Soame, George Jennings seem,
And hospitable grow.

V.

Sooner George Barnes go hand and glove,
George Hewit turn Cornaro;
George P—e espouse his plighted love,
Erskine eclipse, or Garrow.

VI.

Sooner George B—r's pedantry,
With real learning muster;
George Tavel lay his fiddle by,
To nurse the young Augusta.

VII.

Nay, every George's son on earth
  Might some new frolic follow,
But still by George, George Brown's new birth
  Is more than I can swallow.

REPLY TO AN ABUSIVE POEM,

WRITTEN BY A PERSON OF SIDNEY COLLEGE, AGAINST HIS—"LUSUS POETICI."—

BY

Dr. JORTIN.

Angry reformer of the times,
The Lord have mercy on thy rhymes :
Thy verses have an ague got,
They are so very cold and hot.

EXTEMPORE VERSES,

UPON A TRIAL OF SKILL BETWEEN THE TWO GREAT MASTERS OF DEFENCE, FIGG AND SUTTON,

BY

DR. BYROM, TRIN. COLL.

Long was the great Figg, by the prize-fighting swains,
Sole monarch acknowledg'd of Mary-bone plains:
To the towns, far and near, did his valour extend,
And swam down the river from Thame to Gravesend;
Where liv'd Mr. Sutton, pipemaker by trade,
Who hearing that Figg was thought such a stout blade,
Resolved to put in for a share of his fame,
And so sent to challenge the champion of Thame.

II.

With alternate advantage two trials had past,
When they fought out the rubbers on Wednesday last.
To see such a contest, the house was so full
There hardly was room left to thrust in your skull:
With a prelude of cudgels we first were saluted,
And two or three shoulders most handsomely fluted;
Till wearied at last with inferior disasters,
All the company cried, come, the masters, the masters.

III.

Whereupon the bold Sutton first mounted the stage,
Made his honours as usual and yearned to engage;
Then Figg, with a visage so fierce, yet sedate,
Came, and entered the list, with his fresh-shaven pate;

:ir arms were encircled with armigers too,
th a red ribbon Sutton's, and Figg's with a
blue.
ıs adorn'd, the two heroes, 'twixt shoulder and
elbow,
ok hands, and went to't, and the word it was
bilboe.

IV.

e such a concern in the eyes of spectators,
s never yet seen in our amphi-theatres.
· Commons and Peers from the several
places,
half an inch distance all pointed their faces;
ile the rays of old Phœbus, that shot thro the
sky-light,
ned to make on the stage a new kind of twi-
light;
l the Gods, without doubt, if one could have
seen 'em,
:e peeping there thro' to do justice between 'em.

V.

Figg struck the first stroke, and with such a vast
fury,
That he broke his huge weapon in twain, I assure
you;
And if his brave rival this blow had not warded,
His head from his shoulders had been quite dis-
carded.
Figg armed him again, and they took t'other tilt,
And then Sutton's blade ran away from it's hilt;
The weapons were frighted, but as for the men,
For truth they ne'er minded, but at it again.

VI.

Such a force in their blows, you'd thought it a
wonder,
Every stroke they received did not cleave 'em
asunder.
Yet so great was their courage, so equal their
skill,
That they both seemed as fast as a thief in a mill;

ile in doubtful attention dame Victory stood,
which side to take could not tell for her
blood;
remained like the ass 'twixt the bundles of
hay,
hout ever stirring an inch either way.

VII.

Jove to the gods signified his intention
ı speech that he made 'em too tedious to
mention;
the upshot on't was, that at that very bout,
n a wound in Figg's side the hot blood spouted
out;
ladyship then seem'd to think the thing
plain,
Figg stepping forth, with a sullen disdain,
w'd the gash, and appeal'd to the company
round,
is own broken sword had not given him the
wound.

VIII.

That bruises and wounds, a man's spirit should touch,
With danger so little, with honour so much!
Well, they both took a dram, and return'd to the battle,
And with a fresh fury they made the swords rattle;
While Sutton's right arm was observed to bleed,
By a touch of his rival, so Jove had decreed;
Just enough for to shew that his blood was not icor,
But made up like Figg's, of the common red-liquor.

IX.

Again they both rush'd with as equal a fire on,
Till the company cried, hold, enough of cold iron,
To the quarter-staff now, lads; so, first having dram'd it,
They took to their wood, and i' faith never shamm'd it:

: first bout they had, was so fair and so handsome,
ıt to make a fair bargain, was worth a king's ransom;
l Sutton such bangs on his neighbour imparted,
u'd have made any fibres but Figg's to have smarted.

X.

m after that bout they went on to another,
: the matter must end on some fashion or other;
Jove told the gods he had made a decree,
ıt Figg should hit Sutton a stroke on the knee.
ı' Sutton disabled as soon as he hit him,
uld still have fought on, but Jove would not permit him;
'as his fate, not his fault, that constrained him to yield,
l thus the great Figg became lord of the field.

A DIALOGUE

IN THE SENATE HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE,

BY

NICH. HARDINGE Esq.

Stranger and Beadle.

Strang. Whose is this image ? *Bead.* Academic Glory.

Strang.—Is she a maid or matron, Whig or Tory ?
What quarry could produce so huge a block ?
What engines heave her from her native rock ;
What vehicle the pond'rous marble bear ?
Who bought her, who transform'd, who plac'd her there ?

Bead.—Who placed her there ! A mason. *Strang.* —whose design
Contriv'd her statue's architecture ? *Bead.*—Mine.

Strang.—Who thus her pedestal with Latin graced?
Who taught her thus to speak in words unchaste?
"Come all, come all, partake my ample treasure,
"Who best deserve the palm!"[1] Is that her
pleasure? [say,
Her youths invites she thus? *Bead.*—The line, they
Is borrowed, word for word, from Virgil's lay.
Poems I study not; I seek, I own,
Vitruvian art, Vitruvian style alone;
But to my Johnian friends I give due credit,
That they in Virgil or in Maro read it:
Virgil unchaste! Is your's a true translation?
You differ surely from the Congregation.
Strang.—The congregation, sir! Did *Alma Mater*
A Deity by solemn grace create her?
And place her opposite to George's view,
Fixed in the place to George the Second due?
Bead.—Some mysteries, from curious eye concealed,
To clerks alone and churchmen are revealed.
Tho' Whigs and wits her origin suspected,
And still require by whom she was erected,
Faction, to shake her base conspires in vain;
A Deity she is, and shall remain.

What tho' her brawny limbs, and stately size,
Taste and Virtú, and elegance despise?
To us her shape unzon'd, unclasp'd by boddice,
And more than Virgin stride declare the Goddess.
Strang.—To Dian's image thus, with pomp array'd,
Their ardent vows Ephesian zealots paid;
Tho' conscious whence the fusile ore was brought,
What craftsman's skill the ductile figure wrought,
The work divine, with transport they commended,
Which, as they feigned, from Jove himself descended. [know?
Bead.—What glory was, why seek her sons to
See what alluring gifts she proffers now!
Caps to the learned, a mitre to the sleek
And white-glov'd chaplain, who forgets his Greek;
To heads, repose; to bards, Parnassian bays;
To all, or worthy or unworthy, praise. [her feet,
Strang.—What mean those types that lurk beneath
Emblems ill-hid by ignorant deceit?
What means that civic crown? Are these rewards
For sage divines, philosophers, and bards?
Bead.—No, smiles on these alone the goddess; she,
Propitious queen! some boon reserves for me.

f Annesley's friend, who learning's giant slew.[2]
ı convert deem'd, preferred to honours new,
aughs in his sleeves of lawn, and shakes his sides,
ats, drinks, and marries, age and care derides;
Vhy may not I, by her caress inspired,
y jovial port, and just ambition fired,
laim from her patronage an equal grace,
nd for a headship change the beadle's mace?
trang.—Her gifts I envy not; but wonder more,
o partially she deals her bounty's store;
Iardinge, whose merit friends and foes confess'd,
y her repulse defeated, sinks oppress'd.[3]
lead. So perish all, who insolently dare,
natch from our champion's crest a plume to wear.
Jur frantic foes, who late with towering pride,
he Church, the Prince, and Rutherforth defied,
Jow in luxurious ease supinely sleep,
Jor discipline retain, nor vigils keep:
Ve, in firm phalanx joined, a chosen few,
Vith scatter'd troops, successful war renew;
Rise by defeat, and, from the victor's brow,
Steal the fresh garland of his Delphic bough;

Triumphant wreathes around our temples twine,
And consecrate our spoils at glory's shrine.
Strang.—But what if Granta, roused by honest shame,
Should haply wake and vindicate her fame,
Precipitate this demon from her throne,
And vengefully eject this load of stone?
Bead.—Urg'd by unjust reproof, I shall unfold
A tale, perhaps not lawful to be told:
Then from the solid substance, vast and rude,
First into Fame a painful sculptor hew'd;
Her hand a trumpet, wings her shoulders bore,
This wrinkl'd robe thus channel'd, then she wore;
Deck'd with fit attributes in front and rear,
Exposed to view, she charmed a gazing peer;[4]
Who only disapproved her wings and trump,
And made some small objections to her rump.
These faults corrected, strait at C——s rear'd,
Mixed in a grove of statues she appear'd;
There Marlborough's form she lovingly beheld,
And, wreath'd for him, a civic chaplet held:
But when invoked by Cocks' enchanting tone,
As at Amphion's call, each sculptor'd stone

Obsequious trembled at his hammer's sound,
And fled, so summon'd, that unhappy ground.
A youth, to Phœbus and the muses dear;[5]
To Granta's voice who lent a filial ear;
For her a destin'd gift this idol bought,
And, pleased, to her his votive image brought:
Doubtful at first what nymph's, what heroine's name,
What Queen's was best adapted to the dame;
At length, by vote unanimous, we made her
A sovereign goddess, and as such display'd her:
But fearing that the senate should disown,
As George's friends, his adversary's stone,
Inscribed with bits of verse, and scraps of prose,
(The verse at least is classical) we chose
To make and call her academic glory,
Still in disguise a queen, and still a Tory.
Strang.—Approv'd the senate this transfiguration,
Or licensed by decree the consecration?
Bead,—Not by decree; but when malignant W—,[6]
Eager in hope, impatient of delay,

A dapper, pert, loquacious, busy elf,
More active for the public than himself,
Ran to and fro with anxious looks, and prated,
And moved that hence she might be soon translated;
Dissenting from their friends, a wise majority
Supported us, and her, by their authority:
And who shall now remove her from the scene,
Or dare to drive her from the muses? *Strang.*—
Keen.[7]
So when the father of his country fled,
By fear of tribunitial rage misled,
On exiled Cicero's devoted floor
Clodus upraised his Tanagrœan whore:
Th' indignant senate saw, with patriot eyes,
A harlot cloathed in Liberty's disguise:
But, when again to Latian skies restored,
Her joy and guardian, grateful Rome adored,
Their ancient seat, by her abode profaned,
His household gods with dignity retained.

LINES,

SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF "OLD MAPS," A WELL-
:NOWN BIBLIOTHIST OF CAMBRIDGE, PLACED OVER
'HE DOOR OF A COUNTRY LIBRARY.

ı I forget thee *Maps* ?—no! scanty praise
· learned Granta fail'd not to resound,
ɜrst thy hasty steps pac'd classic ground.
ɔu bustling caterer for letter'd bays !
en judgment sound might wrangler's honours
rise,
w hast thou bid my spirits to rejoice,
en not a surly *dun,* but thine own voice,
lcom'd no trifling novel of the day ;
ras armful large !—a soil'd and tatter'd stock ;
lid, and *Conics, Algebra,* and *Locke,*
l *Newton,* philosophic head supreme !
l all the minor morals in array.
w, 'tis but Sonnetteer can sound thy fame,
r son's superior merit dignifies the name.

THE UNIVERSITY MACES.

High on a shelf, where oft in sound repose
Slept *Granta's fasces*—by superior charm,
Methought the venerable twigs arose,
All unsupported by beadallic arm.
Two frowning rods, of brightest silver hue,
Disdainful ey'd a third, whose mixture base,
Not silver's double washing could subdue,
Or change the brassy tincture of his face.
And as the base alloy aloof they spurn'd,
Their purest nature thus indignant burn'd:
"Is this the poor wight,
Who was in such plight,
Whose debts were all paid by the gown;
Who is grateful no more,
Now the concert is o'er,
But scurvily pleads for the town;

Yet let no grave doctor
The office of proctor
Think, here, we mean to arraign;
'Tis the proctor's foul pleading,
And vile want of breeding,
That deserve to be fee'd with a cane.
But how comes it about,
That you make such a rout
Of discipline, sir, or correction;
Whose strange dissipation,
On ev'ry occasion,
Stood in need of a certain collection?
Who dar'd saucily try,
With your betters to vie;
Tho' so paltry your utmost resources;
While your pocket cry'd *cavi*,
'Gainst your soups and your gravy,
And your impudent couple of courses.
For shillings just thirty,
Who could be so dirty,

IV.

In a room where Cambridge town
Frowns o'er the kennel's stinking flood,
Rob'd in a flannel powdering gown,
With haggerd eyes, poor *Erskine* stood:

V.

(Long his beard, and 's blouzy hair,
Stream'd like an old wig to the troubled air;)
And with clung guts, and face than razor thinner:
Swore the loud sorrows of his dinner.
Hark! how each striking clock, and tolling bell,
With awful sounds the hour of eating tell!

VI.

O'er thee, *O Coe!* their dreadful notes they wave;
Soon shall such sounds proclaim thy yawning grave.
Vocal in vain, thro' all the ling'ring day,
The *grace* already said, the *plates* all swept away.*

---

* *Socius* has to regret he could not procure the whole of the above.

SOLILOQUY

THE PRINCESS PERIWINKLE, IN THE MOCK PLAY
"A TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE, OR THE GRATEFUL FAIR,"

BY

CHRISTOPHER SMART, PEMBROKE HALL.

THE PRINCESS P. *Sola.*

(*Attended by fourteen maids of honour.*)

re such a wretch as I was never born,
all the world deserted and forlorn :
is bitter-sweet, this honey-gall to prove,
d all the oil and vinegar of love ;
ide, love, and reason, will not let me rest,
it make a dev'lish bustle in my breast.
wed with Fiz-gig, pride, pride, pride denies.
it on a Spanish padlock reason cries ;
it tender, gentle love, with every wish complies.
ide, love, and reason, fight till they are cloy'd,
id each by each in mutual wounds destroy'd.
ius, when a barber and a collier fight,
e barber beats the luckless collier white ;

The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber black.
In comes the brick-dust-man, with grime o'er-spread,
And beats the collier and the barber red;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

THE COMPLAINT OF FATHER CAM,

AGAINST THE UNDER-GRADUATES OF TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE.

BY

ISAAC KIPLING.

When scenes of elegance demand our praise,
Smooth and spontaneous flow the festive lays;
With sprightly skill the Poet sweeps the lyre,
And all is ecstacy and soft desire:

But on this subject the most pleasing strain
Would charm the list'ning audience in vain;
Apollo's choicest gifts must needs appear
Like diamond glitt'ring in an Ethiop's ear.
Wherefore, in unpremeditated verse,
We here the crimes of *Granta's* sons rehearse:
One morning *Camus* left his ozier cave,
And slowly rais'd his form above the wave:
Towards Granta's walls he turn'd his azure eyes,
Whilst from his bosom burst the deep-drawn sighs:
Wan were his cheeks, his locks in wild array,
And thus the river said, or seem'd to say:
"How long, inglorious Granta, wilt thou dare
Abuse my patience, and deride my pray'r?
Will their disgusting treatment one day cease,
Or will thy sons for ever vex my peace?
I, who so well and often have been sung
By different members of the tuneful throng;
Upon whose banks so oft together stray'd
The tender lover and the bashful maid;
Now hear no more, alas! the poets sing,
And in my honour wake the vocal string;

No more the shepherd, caught in Cupid's snare,
On my green margin woos the yielding fair!
Oh! in what words shall injured Cam relate
This sad vicissitude of wayward Fate?
Language, alas! but faintly can express
My cruel anguish and my deep distress!
From thy fell sons this unexampled shame,
This source of endless lamentation came!
In classic souls can such indifference reign?
And will they never from such acts refrain?
Pert pedants! when the calls of nature crave,
Plump their vile odour in my silver wave?"

)N THE HAPPINESS OF A GOOD ASSURANCE.

/hoe'er with frontless phiz is blest,
:ill, in a blue or scarlet vest,
May saunter thro' the town;
r strut, regardless of the rules,
'en to St. Mary's, or the schools,
In hat or poplin gown.

. dog he unconcerned maintains,
nd seeks with gun the sportful plains,
Which ancient Cam divides;
'r to the *Hills* on horseback strays,
Unask'd his tutor), or his chaise
To fam'd Newmarket guides.

For in his sight whose brow severe,
Each morn the coffee-houses fear,
Each night the taverns dread;
To whom the tatter'd Sophs bend low,
To whom the gilded tassels bow,
And Graduates nod the head.

E'en in the Proctor's awful sight
On regent walk, at twelve at night,
Unheedingly I came;
And tho', with *Whish's* claret fir'd,
I brush'd his side; he ne'er enquired
My college, or my name.

ODE,

BY

C. T. HARTIS.

WRITTEN A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE LONG COLLEGE VACATION, A. D. 1763.

Come, thou laughter-loving power,
Goddess of the festive hour,
Blue-eyed mirth, and bring along
Gamesome sport, and jocund song.
Wit, with native humour warm,
Conversation's lively charm,
And yet more, to ope the soul,
Bring, O bring, the jovial bowl!
Let us lift the gladsome shout,
Let us wake the midnight rout;
Briskly let us all advance,
In the sprightly-woven dance;
Every deed on every side
Let the soul of rapture guide;

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Care begone! and grief adieu!
What have ye with joy to do?
And thou too, that loves to dwell
Musing in the pensive cell,
Heavenly queen of piercing eye,
Farewell, sweet philosophy!
What if thou, with hermit-look,
From retirement's farthest nook.
Mark'st the world, in bustling show,
Struggling o'er the waves of woe,
By the wind of black despair,
Dash'd away from care to care;
Whilst thou, calm on safety's shore,
Dost thou hear the tempest's roar?
What if thou, the flowery pride
Of the meadow's velvet side,
To the proudly-arching bower,
And the glittering court of power,
Can'st prefer; we envy not,
Holy seer, thy simple lot.
Sisters twin are youth and pleasure,
Meant t' enjoy the sweets of leisure,

Made for every blithsome sport,
Purpose mild, and gay resort:
Age was formed for meditation,
Not the joys of recreation;
With the smiles of wisdom fraught,
And the glow of solemn thought;
Such is age, philosophy,
Such the mind that suits with thee.
But now joys of different kind
Wing the wish, and fire the mind;
Tumbling rills that warbling flow,
Yellow meads with gold that glow,
Wandering walks, and rural ease,
Such alone have power to please:
Or perchance the lucid scene,
Where the rays of beauty's mien,
Kindling every fond desire,
Set the soul of love on fire;
Or the loudly-echoing horn,
As it cheers the slumbering morn,
Waking nature, haply may
Lure us to the chace away.

Farewell then, thou willow'd stream,
Glittering bright with wisdom's beam.
Silver Cam! whose bowers among
Inspiration leads her throng,
Clio breathes celestial fire,
Music hangs her dulcet lyre,
Yet farewell! To brighter joys
Pleasure lifts her wandering eyes,
With her own resistless smile
She shall smooth each care awhile;
Yes, she, fair queen, shall all the mind poss
With gladness fire it, and with rapture b

A PARLEY WITH HIS EMPTY PURSE,

BY

THO. RANDOLPH, TRIN. COLL.

Purse, who'll not know you have a poet's been,
When he shall look and find no *gold* herein?
And what respect, think you, will there be shown
To this foul nest, when all the birds are flown?
Unnatural *vacuum*, can your emptiness
Answer to some slight questions, such as these?
How shall my *debts* be paid? or can my *scores*
Be clear'd with *verses* to my *creditors?*
Hexameters no sterling, and I fear
What the brain coins scarce goes for current there.
Can *measure* cancel bonds? Is there a time
Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?
Or if I now were hurrying to the jail
Are the nine *muses* held sufficient bail?

Would they to any composition come
If we would mortgage our *elysium ?*
Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams
Of *Tagus,* and *Pactolus,* those rich dreams
Of active fancy ? Can our *Orpheus* move
Those rocks and stones with his best strains of
love ?
Should I, like *Homer,* sing in lofty tones
To them *Achilles,* and his *myrmidons !*
Hector, and *Ajax* are but sergeants names,
They relish bay-salt, 'bove the epigrames
Of the most season'd brain, nor will they be
Content with ode, or paid with elegy.
Muse, burn thy bays, and thy fond quill resign,
One cross of theirs is worth whole books of mine.
Of all the treasure which the poets hold
There's none at all they weigh, except our gold;
And mine's return'd to th' Indies, and hath swore
Never to visit this cold climate more.
Then crack your strings, good purse, for you need
none;
Gape on, as they do to be paid, gape on.

THE LOVER'S PHILOSOPHY.

To soften the heart of Clorinda the fair,
Each diamond that sparkles, the pride of the mine,
Each flowret, whose odours can gladden the air,
I have sent all in vain, and I yet must repine.
In vain of my flowrets I offer a wreath,
My roses look pale at the flush of her cheek;
And my pearls try in vain to outrival her teeth;
Near her eyes all my diamonds in splendour look
weak.
Yet I will not despair, for a *magnet* I'll find,
The greatest that Africa's mines may conceal;
This present is suited so well to her mind,
That no doubt 'twill *attract* her whose heart is of
steel!!

WRITTEN AT CLARE-HALL, CAMBRIDGE,

UPON THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. CHARLES MORGAN, MASTER OF THAT COLLEGE WHO DIED 1736.

Where free from sense, intrench'd in earth no more
The soul embodied, gains its native shore :
Where truth's uncloying banquet, ever new,
Opens the depth of science to its view ;
No longer on the verge it darkly strays,
But mystic nature from within surveys ;
Nor wants the telescopic glass to trace
God's power, and wisdom, thro' the boundless space ;
Where doubts no more, nor mysteries confine ;
Its power enlarged, its nature all divine,—
He's gone—and there erects his deathless head—
How vain our sorrow which lament him dead ?—

Where Clarke, Boyle, Newton, each exalted mind,
Each, while on earth, who dignified their kind—
Immortal now, with full fruition blest,
See truth in native beauty stands confest.
While some, contemplative their charms admire,
The good supreme their rational desire:
Others, as erst, in sweetest converse join;
For purest *friendship* dwells in breasts divine:
Sudden, a venerable shade is seen
Of mildest dignity, and front serene:
Th' august assembly rise—see Clarke attend,
Joyful, to welcome first his much-loved friend:
Hail thou! whose presence joys the sons of God;
Who, pious, have the paths of science trod.
Behold for thee, on Newton's own right hand,
For thee prepared, that throne of glory stand:
'Twas thine, exhalted genius! to disdain,
With just contempt, the breath of mortal fame;
To nobler beings are thy praises known,
Where Truth and Newton worlds unumber'd own.

THE MERRY ANDREW

BY

MATT. PRIOR, ST. JOHN'S COLL. CAM.

Sly Merry-Andrew, the last *Southwark* fair
(At *Barthol'mew's* he did not much appear,
So peevish was the edict of the May'r,)
At *Southwark* therefore as his tricks he show'd,
To please our masters, and his friends the crowd;
A huge *neat's-tongue* he in his right hand held:
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in his odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage;
Why how now, Andrew! cries a brother droll,
To day's conceit, methinks, is something dull:
Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worship mean?
Quoth Andrew; honest English let us speak:
Your emble—(what dy'e call it) is heathen Greek.

To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence :
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
That busy fool I was, which thou art now ;
Desirous to correct, not knowing how ;
With every good design, but little wit,
Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct got what I deserved ;
And dealing honestly, was almost starved ;
But thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat,
Since I have found the secret to be great.
O dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou controul,
Provided thou impart thy useful skill.
Bow then, says Andrew ; and, for once, I will ;
Sleep very much ; think little ; and talk less ;
Mind neither *Good* nor *Bad* nor *Right* nor *Wrong*,
But eat your pudding, slave ; and hold your tongue.
A reverend prelate stopt his coach and six,
To laugh a little at our *Andrew's* tricks,
But when he heard him give this golden rule ;
Drive on, he cried—this fellow is no fool.

THE INDIFFERENT,

A SONG,

BY

LORD ORRERY.

I.

He that in love would still prevail,
Or not be troubled if he fail,
Let him my way be a lover:
At first I seem to die for love,
If that her pity will not move,
Without it I recover!

II.

But if the lady's kind and true,
I always strive to be so too,
Thus to pity I invite her;
But if a tyrant she will prove,
And deny that for which I love,
I tyrant turn, and slight her.

III.

Thus, when I do a beauty see,
I like her just as she likes me,
Who vexes if I don't take her:
But yet the consequence is bad,
For if she's fair, must I be mad;
I'll rather straight forsake her.

IV.

The best rule which in love I find,
Is to think none fair but the kind:
Women thus are pretty trifles;
Tho' *water* thrown upon a *fire*,
Or *ice* or *love*, makes some burn higher;
Yet mine it forthwith *stifles*.

V.

Who begs a *lady's* heart, must still
Be pleased with whatsoe'er she will;
The *beggar* must not be chooser:
But I so wisely things design,
That always in *amours* of mine,
I'm *winner*, or no *looser*.

IV.

For when a coy nymph love inspires,
In *wine* I quench my hopeless fires;
Thus one heat expels the other;
Women I therefore will decline,
All my affections are on wine,
When they kill, this will recover.

A-LA-MODE,

BY

E. FENTON, JESUS COLL. CAM.

"My better self, my heav'n, my joy!
"While thus imparadis'd I lie,
"Transported in thy circling arms,
"With fresh variety of charms;
"From fate I scarce can think to crave
"A bliss, but what in thee I have.
"Twelve months, my dear, have past, since thou
"Didst plight to me thy virgin-vow;

ve months in rapture spent! For they
shorter than St. *Lucys'* day:
ght example we shall prove
ting *matrimonial love.*
while, I beg the gods to grant,
nly favour that I want,
I may not survive to see
appiness expire with *thee.*
hould I lose my dearest dear,
ee, and all that's good, I swear,
ve myself the fatal blow,
vait thee to the world below."
Wheedle thus, to spouse in bed,
he best things he e'er had read;
surpriz d, you must suppose it,
k'd a *Templar* in the *closet;*
of pregnant parts, and worth,
at *piquet,* and so-forth;
g, when he had heard the whole,
ly to the curtains stole;
ping in, with solemn tone
ut, "O man! thy days are done:

"The gods are fearful of the worst,
"And send me, *Death*, to fetch thee first;
"To save their fav'rite from self-murder,
"Lo! thus I execute their order."
"Hold, sir, for second thoughts are best,"
The husband cried; "'tis my request
With pleasure to prolong my life,—"
"*Your meaning?*"—"Pray, sir, *take my wife.*"

EPIGRAM,

ON

THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY ADMIRAL DUNCAN, A. D. 1797, OVER THE DUTCH ADMIRAL, DE WINTER.

E'en the luke-warm must Duncan's late conduct admire,
For, when *Winter* approach'd he kept up a good fire

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

The music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er,
And one by one the weary beauties fled;
The garlands vanished from the fresco'd floor,
The nodding fiddler hung his weary head.

And I, a melancholy, single man—
Retired to mourn my solitary fate;
I slept awhile; but o'er my slumbers ran
The sylph-like image of my blushing Kate.

I dreamt of mutual love, and Hymen's joys,
Of happy moments and connubial blisses;
And then I thought of little girls and boys,
The mother's glances, and the infant's kisses.

I saw them all, in sweet perspective, sitting
In winter's eve around a blazing fire,
The children playing and the mother knitting,
Or fondly gazing on the happy sire.

The scene was chang'd : in came the baker's bill :
I stared to see the hideous consummation
Of *pies* and *puddings* that it took to fill
The bellies of the rising generation.

There was no end to eating—legs of mutton
Were vanish'd daily by this little host ;
To see them, you'd have thought each tiny glutton
Had laid a wager who could eat the most.

The massy pudding smok'd upon the platter,
The pond'rous sirloin rear'd its head in vain,
The little urchins kick'd up such a clatter,
That scarce a remnant e'er appear'd again.

Then came the school bill : board and education
So much per annum : but the extras mounted
To nearly twice the primal stipulation,
And every little bagatelle was counted :

mending tucks—A new Homeri Ilias.—
ane of glass—Repairing coat and breeches.—
late and pencil—Binding old Virgilius—
awing a tooth—An op'ning draught and
leeches.

d now I languish'd for the single state,
e social glass, the horse and chaise on Sunday,
e jaunt to Windsor with my sweetheart Kate,
d curs'd again the weekly bills of Monday.

re Kate began to scold, I stamp'd and swore,
e kittens squeak, the children loudly scream;
d thus awaking with the wild uproar,
hank'd my stars that it was but a dream.

THE WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTER

BEING

A LETTER TO THE WIDOW, IN LONDON,

BY

W. BROOME, ST. JOHN'S COLL.

While *Delia* shines at *Hurlothrumbo*,
And darts her sprightly eyes at some beau;
Then close behind her fan retiring,
Sees thro' the sticks whole crowds admiring;
You sip your melancholy cof-fy,
And at the name of man, cry O! fie!
Or when the noisy rapper thunders,
Say coldly—sure the fellow blunders!
Unseen! tho' peer on peer approaches,
James, I'm abroad!—but learn the coaches,

; some young pleader, when his purse is
ıfill'd, thro' want of controversies,
tends, until the chinks are fill'd all,
ı' Assizes, *Westminster*, and *Guildhall*;
hile graver lawyers keep their house, and
ıllect their guineas by the thousand.
· as some tradesmen, thro' shew-glasses,
ɔpose their wares to each that passes.
ɔys of no use! high-priz'd commodities
ɔught to no end! estates in oddities!
hers, with like advantage drive at
ıeir gain, from the store-houses in private.

ıus *Delia* shines in places general,
never missing where the men are all;
ɔes even to church with godly airs,
ɔ meet good company at pray'rs;
here she devoutly plays her fan,
ɔoks up to heav'n and thinks on man.
ou sit at home, enjoy your cousin,
'hile hearts are offer'd up by dozen:
! born above your sex to rise,
'ith youth, wealth, beauty, titles—wise!

O ! lady bright, did ne'er you mark yet,
In country fair, or country market,
A beau, whose eloquence might charm ye,
Enlisting soldiers for the army :
He flatters every well-built youth,
And tells him every thing but—truth :
He cries, "good friend, I'm glad I hopp'd in
Your company, you'll make a captain !"
He lists !—but find these gaudy shows
Soon chang'd, to surly looks, and blows :
'Tis now, "march rascal ! What, d'ye grumble?"
Thwack goes the cane ! "I'll make ye humble."

Such weddings are : and I resemble 'em,
Almost in all points to this emblem.
While courtship lasts, 'tis *Dear !* 'tis *Madam !*
The sweetest creature sure since *Adam !*
Had I the years of a *Methusalem,*
How in my charmer's praise I'd use all 'em ?
O ! take me to thy arms, by beau-ty !
I doat, adore thy very shoe-tye !
They wed—but fancy grows less warming,
Next morn, he thinks the bride less charming :

says, nay swears, "my wife grows old in
: single month;" then falls to scolding;
/hat, Madam, gadding every day?
to your room, there stitch or pray?"

h proves the marriage-state! but for all
:se *truths*, you'll wed, and scorn the *Moral*.

EPIGRAM,

INTENDED TO ALLAY PARTY SPIRIT,

BY

DR. BYROM.

---

l bless the King, I mean the faith's defender;
l bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
who Pretender is, or who is King,
l bless us all—that's quite another thing.

A LETTER

FULL OF ADVICE, TO A FRIEND IN LOVE WITH MAIDEN LADY, OF THE NAME OF CHLOE.

Dear Joey—

Oh ! say—that at her beauty's shrine
You'll kneel and court her smiles divine—
And then declare your tears and sighs,
With all your heart, you'll sacrifice—
Then say—O ! never mind the lie—
You've written, till your ink was dry—
And then, with tears, like showers of rain—
Swear that you've moisten'd it again—
Then frame some lines—begin with "*Lost,*"
And, then present it her, *per post*—
For the Lute, tho' all don't know, it
Was strung with sinews of a poet[1]—
Whose golden reach could break our bones,
And soften harden'd steel and stones—

Make tygers tame, and eke the whale
Sport from the deep, to dance a reel,—
Or rather jig, on Neptune's lands,
Commonly called the shore, or sands;
Now, after all these things are done,
Oh, fly not to the setting sun—
Nor at the first star's peeping light,
But wait for lover's time—the night—
And then, let *music soft and slow*
Beneath her chamber window flow—
And there your breast both beat and thump—
Whilst tuning a deploring *dump*;[2]
Then rail and rave the woes of love—
Then sigh, and melancholy prove,
And stir not from her blest domain,
Tho' *numbed* with *cold*, and *drench'd* with rain.
For they are trophies all must win,
Who're plunged in love from *toe to chin*,
Then if you find you seek in vain
Your angel fair-one to obtain,

Burst into angry mood, and *swear*
For her a *damn* you do not care—
And then, the remedy—dear Joey—
Why get each night as drunk as *Chloe*.

ODE,

TO AN EAGLE, CONFINED IN A COLLEGE COURT.[1]

BY

CHRIS. SMART, PEMB. HALL

Quis tam crudeles optavit sumere pœnas,
Cui tantum de te licuit? *Virg.*

Atque afficit humi divinæ particulam auræ. *Hor*

I

Imperial bird! who wont to soar
High o'er the rolling cloud,
Where hyperborean mountains hoar
Their heads in ether shroud;—

ıou, servant of Almighty Jove,
ho, free and swift as thought, could'st rove
To the bleak North's extremest goal;—
ıou, who magnanimous could'st bear
ıe sovereign thund'rer's arms in air,
And shake thy native pole!—

II

cruel fate! what barbarous hand,
What more than gothic ire,
t some fierce Tyrant's dread command,
To check thy daring fire,
as placed thee in this servile cell
/here discipline and dullness dwell?
Where genius ne'er was seen to roam;
/here ev'ry selfish soul's at rest?
or ever quits the carnal breast,
But lurks and sneaks at home!

III

hough dimn'd thine eye, and clipt thy wings,
So grov'ling! once so great!
he grief-inspir'd muse shall sing
In tend'rest lays thy fate:

What though by thee scholastic pride,
Takes his precise, pedantic stride,
Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care;
The stream of love ne'er from his heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part;
But stinks and stagnates there.

IV

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
Hold the reflecting glass,—
That not untutor'd at thy wrong
The passenger may pass:
Thou type of wit and sense confin'd,
Cramp'd by th' oppressors of the mind;
Born to look downward on the ground!
Type of the fall of Greece and Rome!
While more than mathematic gloom,
Envelopes all around!

DIALOGUE,

IE EXTRAVAGANT TERMS OF FLATTERY, WHICH . HAYLEY AND MISS SEWARD USED IN COMPLI- NTS TO ONE ANOTHER, PORSON FREQUENTLY DULGED MUCH SATIRICAL OBSERVATION.

Porson the

llowing Dialogue, from Porson's pen, is supposed to have taken place between the parties.

MISS SEWARD *loquitur.*

Tuneful poet! Britain's glory!
Mr. Hayley that is you.

HAYLEY *respondet.*

Ma'am, you carry all before you;
Trust me, Lichfield swan, you do.

MISS SEWARD.

Ode didactic, epic, sonnet,
Mr. Hayley you're divine.

MR. HAYLEY.

Ma'am, I'll take my oath upon it.
You yourself are all the nine!

A PIPE OF TOBACCO,

IN IMITATION OF SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS,

BY

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

TRIN. COLL. CAM.

I.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE,

IN IMITATION OF COLLY CIBBER.

RECITATIVO.

Old battle-array, big with horror is fled,
And olive-rob'd peace again lifts up her head,
Sing, ye muses, *Tobacco,* the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?—

AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire,
When wint'ry storms around us beat,
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn, youthful spring,
In thy praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVO.

e *Neptune,* Cæsar guards *Virginian* fleets,
ıght with *Tobacco's* balmy sweets;
Ocean trembles at *Britannia*'s pow'r,
l *Boreas* is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy mortal! he who knows
Pleasure which a *pipe* bestows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVO.

foreign climes the vine and orange boast,
ile wastes of war deform the teeming coast,
annia, distant from each hostile sound,
oys a pipe, with ease and freedom crown'd:
ı restless faction finds itself more free,
if a slave, a slave to liberty.

AIR.

Smiling years that gaily run
Round the zodiac with the sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.

British sons no longer now
Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,
Nor of crimson combat think,
But securely smoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling years that gaily run
Round the zodiac with the sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.

II.

IMITATION OF MR. A. PHILLIPS.

Little tube of mighty pow'r,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire :
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd ;
And thy pretty swelling crest
With my little stopper prest;
And thy sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.

Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men;
Who when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns;
When again the cricket's gay,
(Little crickets, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant *Indian weed:*
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men.

III.

IMITATION OF MR. THOMSON.

hou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
acco, fountain pure of limpid truth,
it looks the very soul; whence pouring thought
irms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
l at each puff imagination burns:
sh on thy bard, and with exalting fires

Touch the mysterious lip that chaunt thy p
In strains, to mortal sons of earth unknow
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mi
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed;
And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
From Pœtotheke with pungent pow'rs perf
Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; then rudely ramm'd illum
With the red touch of zeal-enkindling shee
Mark'd with Gibsonian lore; forth issue cl
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds ar
And many-mining fires: I all the while,
Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee tc
In genial strife, and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the muse's bowl,
Oh be thou still my great inspirer, thou
My muse; Oh fan me with thy zephyr's bc
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,
Burst forth all oracle and mystic song

IV.

IMITATION OF DR. YOUNG.

Critics avaunt! *Tobacco* is my theme.
Trembling like hornets at the blasting steam;
And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
It's light, nor buz within the scorching sphere.
Pollio, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,
So shall the muse from smoke elicit fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;
Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff:
Lord *Fopling* smokes not—for his teeth afraid;
Sir *Tawdry* smokes not—for he wears brocade.
Ladies, when pipes are brought, effect to swoon;
They love no smoke, except the smoke of town;
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
It's foes but shew their ignorance; can he
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge love the tree?
The tainted templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at *Tobacco*, though it makes him—spit.
Citronia vows it has an odious stink;
She will not smoke, (ye gods) but she will drink!

And chaste *Prudella* (blame her if you can)
Says, pipes are used by that vile creature man:
Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame.
Fame, of our actions universal spring,
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke,—every
thing.

V.

IMITATION OF MR. POPE.

Blest leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
To templars modesty, to parsons sense:
So raptur'd priests, at fam'd *Dodona's* shrine:
Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content, more solid than the smile of lords:
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.

›r the less the critic owns thy genial aid,
hile supperless he plies the piddling trade.
hat, tho' to love and soft delight a foe,
r ladies hated, hated by the beau?
et social freedom, long to courts unknown,
ir health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
›me to thy poet, come with healing wings,
ıd let me taste thee, unexcis'd by kings.

VI.

IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

Boy! bring an ounce of Freeman's best,
And bid the Vicar be my guest.
Let all be plac'd in manner due:
A pot wherein to spit or spue,
And London Journal, and Free-Briton,
Of use to light a pipe, or * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
This village, unmolested yet
By troopers, shall be my retreat:
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write or vote for pay.

Far from the vermin of the town,
Here let me rather live, my own;
Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland
In sweet oblivion lulls the land,
Of all which at Vienna passes
As ignorant as * * * brass is—
And scorning rascals to caress,
Extol the days of good Queen Bess,
When first *Tobacco* blest our isle,
Then think of other queens—and smile.
Come jovial pipe, and bring along
Midnight revelry and song;
The merry catch, the madrigal,
That echoes sweet in City Hall;
The parson's pun, the smutty tale
Of country justice o'er his ale.
I ask not what the French are doing,
Or Spain, to compass Britain's ruin:
Britons, if undone, can go
Where *Tobacco* loves to grow.

A SIMILE

BY

MR PRIOR, ST. JOHN'S COLL.

Dear *Thomas*, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
('Tis but by way of simile)
A squirrel spend its little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage?
The cage as either side turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top—
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there turn *wood* or *wire*,
He never gets two *inches* higher.
So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under *Pindus* shades,

In noble songs and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods :
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleased with their own verses' sound ;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.—

LINES,

ON THREE OF THE APPOINTED PREACHERS OF ST. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE, ATTACKING CALVIN.

Three Preachers in three distant counties born,
The Church of England's doctrines do adorn :
Harsh Calvin's mystic tenets were their mark,
Founded in texts perverted, gloomy, dark :
Butler in clearness and in force surpass'd ;
Maltby with sweetness spoke of ages past ;
Whilst *Marsh* himself, who scarce could further go
With *Criticism's* fetters bound the foe.

A COLLEGIATE ADDRESS

TO THE

CHAPEL-BELL,

BY

PHILO-DORMIAT.

Lo! I, the man whose muse did whilome mask,
So freedom taught, in high-voic'd minstrel's weeds,
Am now enforc'd, a far unfitter task,
For cap and gown to leave the patriot's meeds;
For, your dull noise, that tinkled thro' the air,
Bids me lay down the lyre, and go to matin pray'r.
Oh! how I hate the sound! it is the knell,
That still a *requiem* tolls to *comfort's* hour;
And loth am I, at superstition's bell,
To quit or Morpheus, or the muse's bow'r.
Better to lie and doze, than gape amain
Hearing still mumbled o'er the same eternal strain.

Thou, tedious herald of more tedious prayers!
Say, hast thou ever summon'd from his rest
One Being wak'ning to religious cares,
Or rous'd one pious transport in the breast?
Or, rather, do not all reluctant creep,
To linger out the hour in listlessness or sleep?
I love the bell that calls the poor to pray,
Chiming, from village church, its cheerful sound,
When the sun smiles on labour's holiday,
And all the rustic train are gathered round—
Each deftly dizen'd in his Sunday's best,
Is pleas'd to hail the day of piety and rest.
And when, dim shadowing o'er the face of day,
The mantling mists of eventide rise slow,
As thro' the forest gloom I wend my way,
The minster curfew's sullen roar I know;
I pause; and love its solomn toll to hear,
As made by distance soft, it dies upon the ear!
Nor not to me th' unfrequent midnight knell
Tolls sternly harmonizing on mine ear,
While the deep, death-fraught sounds long
'ling'ring dwell.

: to the heart of hope, and love and fear.
h-jaundic'd, I do loath life's upland sleep,
, with strange envy muse the dead man's
dreamless sleep!
thou, memorial of monastic Gaul!
ich fancy, sad or lightsome, hast thou given?
' vision-scaring sounds alone recall
: pray'r that trembles on a yawn to heav'n;
l *this* Dean's *gape*, and *that* Dean's *nasal tone*,
l Roman *rites* retain'd, tho' Roman faith be
flown!

THE DEAN AND THE SCHOLAR.

A rev'rend Dean, it is no matter who,[1]
When the week ended, took his list to view
Whether, at toll of daily chapel-bell,
The students' memories had served them well;
If not—into their ears he'd ring a direful knell.
Some in attendance had been rather decent,
Others had been most horribly deficient.
At length,—behold! what meets his wond'rin eyes,
A blank—was quite as clear as summer skies;
For a Mister —— had not been at all!
Nor scarcely had attended once in hall.
"Odds-blood," he cried, and plucking at his bell,
Not over gently, down the cordage fell:
"Confusion!" then he swore,—"for all th trouble
I'll make the rascal's *Imposition* double,"
In came his *Gyp* obsequious, "John" says he,
"Tell Mister Such-a-one to call on me?"

Off toddled John, and told it to the spark,
Who, when he heard it, d—d him for a shark.
There was no help, so on went *Cap and Gown*
To wait on Mister Dean, who, with a frown
Received the gentleman not over civil;
He wish'd the Dean in *Hades* with the Devil.
"Sir," said the Dean, in pet,—"I find that you
Have not been once to chapel! is it true"
The scholar answered, with averted eye,
"It is the truth, the which I'll not deny."
"Then sir," says Mister Dean, "for your omission
You'll get for me this trifling *Imposition*!"[2]
Handing to him a small slip of paper,
The dire contents of which made him to vapour.
For on it there appeared in ink japan,
One hundred lines of Homer's Iliad, then,
The book and lines were seen in dread array,
The time of repetition, hour and day.
"Good sir," the scholar said, "why I delay
To go to Chapel—I've no mind to pray!" [place,
"Pray!" said the Dean—and stamping shook the
"D—n you, who wants your prayers; just let me
see your face!

MY HEAD'S SEVEN AGES.

"At early fifteen," ere I mourned human wrongs,
My locks, pinch'd by nothing but Nature's warm tongs,
In colour well match'd with a Colchian fleece,
Unfurnish'd by powder, ungarnish'd by grease,
Half-way down my back, as then worn by the young,
In many a cork-screw bewitchingly hung:
Whoever in print young Napoleon has seen,
May form a good notion of me at fifteen.
But soon, like a Visagoth marching on Rome,
The barber rush'd in with scissors and comb,
Poor Nature was presently pushed to the wall,
And shrieked, like Belinda, to see my locks fall:
My hair scorch'd and frizz'd at the top, became horrid,
Hard knocks of pomatum was dealt on my forehead.
I look'd like a linnet just caught in a cage,
So wide of its first was my head's second age.

Ere long my vexed hair, which, pomaded and sleek,
Hung strait as John Wesley's adown either cheek,
By combs metamorphos'd, assum'd a new shape,
No longer a pig-tail swung back at my nape :
The queue, with its ligatures spiral in twists,
Gave place to a knocker as big as my fists :
Whoever the late Major Topham has seen,
May form a good notion of me at nineteen.
Now knew I the joys the three sisters prepare
For those who depend on the dressers of hair :
The dandies, who now "seek that bubble repute"
In the cut of a coat or the bend of a boot,
Can feebly imagine my often-felt woes,
With my watch in my hand and my mask on my nose:
When lo ! the huge knocker returned from the head,
And back came the pig-tail to reign in its stead.
O caput humanum ! dark dungeon of doubts,
Spite of Spurzheim, a labyrinth, inside and out.
The late Duke of Bedford now brought in a plat !
Jack Martin and Peter abolish'd their queues,
I quickly chang'd mine for a well-powder'd noose :

My head, at that time, will at once re-appear
To those who have ever seen Palmer in Sneer.
No sooner had I, spite of wisdom's rebuke,
Pinned the faith of my head on the plat of a Duke,
When sudden, his Grace much astonish'd the town
With an unpowder'd pate in its natural brown.
Away flew parade: barbers shut up their shops:
Their harvest was spoiled by too many crops:
While I with a nob every morning brush'd clean,
Da-capo'd the tresses of early fifteen.
E'er since, fashion vainly has left me alone,
For time works the changes neglected by ton!
My locks, erst so intimate, distant are seen,
Their visits are few and the space far between;
Old Time, too, has made me my forelock resign,
I never seiz'd his, yet the dog has seiz'd mine,
And seems to exclaim—"Prithee pay me my wages:
Your head has arrived at the last of its ages."

SONG.

OH, MATHEMATICS, THEY BOTHER ME SO.

Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so,
Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so,
With squares, definitions,
Mechanics, and stuff,
And Euclid and Algebra
More than enough:
Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so,
Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so.

Mathematics in person they are a great bore,
Mathematics in person they are a great bore,
They give me a headache,
And that I detest,
To a man of my genius
It is such a pest:
Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so,
Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so.

To *lectures* they sometimes compel me to go,
To *lectures* they sometimes compel me to go,
One stormy day,
Oh! me, what pain!
Out of bed I was forc'd
To run thro' the rain:
Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so,
Oh, Mathematics, they bother me so,

Oh, if Mathematics were all laid quite low,
Oh, if Mathematics were all laid quite low,
I think I could ne'er
Be wretched again,
I'd be clerk at their funeral,
And shout out *Amen*.
Mathematics would ne'er again bother me so,
Mathematics would ne'er again bother me so.

POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

The following lines were suggested by the perusal of a Pamphlet just published (1822) on the course of study pursued in the University.

Let crazy fools for laurel crowns contend,
And oft invoke the muse her aid to lend.
Daughter of Camus, hail Mathesis kind,
Do thou the Cissoid round my temples bind;
Let Spirals, too, in close girations twine
With circling course in harmony divine;
Let curling Conchoids with deep voice proclaim,
And silent Cycloids wheel along my name.
How few of those who climb Parnassus' ridge
E'er crossed with trembling steps the *Asses' Bridge;*
Byron, and all his mad poetic crew
Ne'er prov'd nor can prove, "one is equal two:"
'Tis thine alone with magic X and Y
To solve with ease equation's gordian tie,—

To shew how fluents from their fluxions flow,
And planes progressive into solids grow :
Thine is the art by whose enchanting spell
A well-read Cantab can a fortune tell ;—
Inspir'd by thee, thou more than heavenly muse,
Thus spoke the mighty sage of Syracuse :—
" Give me a spot of Earth whereon to stand,
And with a rod I'll move both sea and land."
Ye sons of Isis, who dull logic mince,
And never taste the sweets of Wood and Vince,
Let Greek no longer be your idle rage,
But hiss Medea from the mimic stage ;
No more let Virgil and the fools of Rome
Weary your aching eyes with pondrous tome :
Call Shakespear mad—his muse an arrant w—e,
And cease the moralist's dull page to pore ;
Quit Isis' banks, throw musty books away,
And Nature's self in her own works survey.
Come hither then,—for P—k cannot fail
As much to please you as his namesake's tail.
To grace their favourite W—k's page divine,
Mathesis and Urania combine.[1]

c, alone, with elegance can teach
ines and co-sines Heaven itself to reach;
think that these are useless arts to learn,
studies which no common life concern;
farmer hence can estimate his field,
loom more rapidly its treasures yield;
lawyer hence, has learned the subtle art
vringing secrets from the closest heart.
clusions Euclid taught him well to draw,
thus at once detect a legal flaw.
practised long in Algebraic lore,
ıst he proves that truth is truth no more.
sicians, too, who Wood on Optics read,
the dim sight to distant objects lead,
ıove the film that blinds the patients' eye,
of just focal length the lens apply.
persons most should use mechanic power
raise the sinner in desponding hour,
thus with cord and fixed pully given,
d, safe at last, his *happy soul in Heaven.*

o

THE TOURNAMENT OF THE CLERKS,

AND

HOW IT CAME TO NOUGHT.

He drawest out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument; I abhor such fanatical phantasms, and rackers of orthography.

In Chestertonian swamps where Dulness dwells,
The Goddess steep'd a champion in her spells;
With her own mistiness endued his ink,
And bade him write who never learn'd to think.
This, Flippancy (a French nymph, somewhat light)
Heard, and arous'd her champion to the fight,
Gave him a tinsel armour, and a spear
Pointed with jokes, most cutting and severe.
The heroes met in arms : good sense stood by,
And laugh'd at both, and mock'd their enmity:
Truth was for Dulness, and her chosen knight,
Humour, for Flippancy,—God speed the right—

The word was given, but in the mid career,
"Hold!" cried Good Sense, and check'd the thirsty
spear.
"Knight of the foggy pen, Knight of the keen,
Your deeds of prowess may be spared, I ween;
It were as endless labour to sit by
While Dulness run a tilt with Flippancy,
For *that* lacks feeling, *this* is void of shame,
And let them strive for aye, their strife is still the
same!
Hark ye! my leader champion, here's your due,
A rod, offended Grammar tied for you;
It hath a magic power, and oft hath sped
Her laws thro' nether regions to the head.
Next Art presents her glasses, which insure
An eye of taste, and quench the glance impure;
"Wear them—then contemplate each lovely form,
And know them chaste, as you have felt them warm."
"Of you"—Good Sense continued, as she turned
Where Flippancy's true knight of battle burned,
"Of you these classic bowers had better hopes,
Than thus to see *you* ply with glittering tropes

Yon dullard's cloudy pate, as lightnings play
Round misty rocks with ineffectual ray ;—
Than thus to see you prostitute the lore
Cull'd from the seven famed hills, or Attic shore,
To gain with laughing fools a transient credit—
"That famous thing of L—r's have you read it?"
Besides, of this dull fray *he* has the best ;
His *truth* is not refuted by your *jest* :
'Tis but array'd in some preposterous dress,
Yet howsoe'er disguised, 'tis truth no less.
Hence from the lists, ye combatants, for know,
A gentle damsel, sweetest child of woe,
Whom in a quiet vale to Love she gave,
Soft Pity mourns beside a new-made grave :
With blood-shot eye, wild looks, and bosom bare,
She sits and weeps—but none her sorrow share.
Nay, *you* have gravely tamper'd with her woes,
Racking her soul with cold and heartless prose ;
And *you* have trifled with her lot unbless'd,
And jarred her heart-strings with your flippant jests.
The grave might teach *you* silence, and its gloom
Might teach *you sadness*—Oh, respect the tomb.

ın act of sacrilege to sow
weeds upon his turf who lıes thus low ;
ursed for ever are the hands that tear
lead man from his grave and strip him bare.
ı from the rudest hind a gentler lore—
ies at sun-set, when his task is o'er,
.e last home of one he cherish'd here,
ɔinds the daisied turf with guarding briar ;
ɔice he heard but Nature's, and she said,
ım *Insult's* spurning heel protect the sacred
dead."

EPITAPH

ON

A GEOLOGIST.

Where shall we our great professor inter
  That in peace he may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,
  He'll rise and break the stones,
And examine each stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in his element under ground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay
  In the common alluvial soil,
He'll start up and snatch those tools away,
  Of his own geological toil;
In a stratum so young the professor disdains,
That embedded should be his organic remains.

Thus expos'd to the drip of some case-hard'ning
spring,
His carcase let stalactite cover:
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
When he is encrusted all over:
Then 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on a
shelf,
Let him stand as a monument rais'd to himself.

EPIGRAM.

BY

G. W. JOAN.

Immortal Ben is dead; and as that hall
On *Ida* toss'd, so is his crown by all
The infantry of wit. Vain priests! That chair
Is only fit for his own true son and heir.
Reach here the *laurel*. Randolph, 'tis thy praise:
Thy naked scull shall well become the bays.[1]
See, Daphne, courts thy ghost: and spite of fate,
Thy poems shall be poet *laureat*.

THE DINNER.

Thus to his mate Sir Richard spoke—
"The house is up, from London smoke
All fly, the park grows thinner;
The friends, who fed us, will condemn,
Our backward ground; we must feed them;
My dear, let's give a dinner."

"Agreed," his lady cries, "and first
Put down Sir George and Lady Hurst."
"Done! now I name the Gatties!
"My dear, they're rather stupid," "Stuff!
We dine with them and that's enough:
Besides I like their patties."

"Who next? "Sir James and Lady Dunn."
"Oh no."—"Why not?" "They'll bring their
son,
That regular tormentor;
A couple, with one child, are sure
To bring three fools outside their door,
Whene'er abroad they venture.

"Who next?" "John Yates,"—"What M. P.
Yates,
Who o'er the bottle stale debates
Drags forth ten times a minute?"
"He's like the rest: whoever fails
Out of St. Stephen's School, tells tales
He'd quake to utter in it."

"Well, have him if you will."—"The Grants,"
"My dear, remember at your aunt's
I view'd them with abhorrence."
"Why so?"—"Why since they came from
Lisle,
(Which they call Leel) they bore our isle
With Brussels, Tours, and Florence."

"Where could you meet them?" At the
Nore."
"Who next?"—"The Lanes."—"We must t
more—
Lieutenant General Dizzy."
"He's deaf,—"but then he'll bring Tom White
"True, ask them both, the boy's a bite;
We'll place him next to Lizzy."

'Tis seven—the Hursts, the Dunns, Jack Yates,
The Grants assemble: dinner waits:
In march the Lanes, the Gatties,
Objections, taunts, rebukes are fled,
Hate, scorn, and ridicule lie dead.
As so many Donatties.

Yates carves the turbot, Lane the lamb,
Sir George the fowls, Sir James the ham,
Dunn with the beef is busy;
His helpmate pats her darling boy,
And to complete a mother's joy,
Tom White sits next to Lizzy.

ll trot their hobbies round the room ;
hey talk of routs, retrenchments, Hume,
The bard who would lie fallow,
he Turks, the Statue in the Park,
'hich both the Grants, at once, remark
Jump'd down from mount Cavallo.

hey talk of dances, operas, dress,
hey nod, they smile, they acquiesce ;
None pout, all seem delighted :
eavens ! can this be the self-same set,
› courteously received, when met;
So taunted, when invited ?

› have I seen, at Drury-Lane,
Play rehearsed, the Thespian train
In arms, the bard astounded ;
enes cut ; parts shifted ; songs displaced ;
›kes mangled ; characters effaced ;
" Confusion worse confounded."

"Where could you meet them?" At the
Nore."
"Who next?"—"The Lanes."—"We must two
more—
Lieutenant General Dizzy."
"He's deaf,—"but then he'll bring Tom White."
"True, ask them both, the boy's a bite;
We'll place him next to Lizzy."

'Tis seven—the Hursts, the Dunns, Jack Yates,
The Grants assemble: dinner waits:
In march the Lanes, the Gatties,
Objections, taunts, rebukes are fled,
Hate, scorn, and ridicule lie dead.
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Dunn with the beef is busy;
His helpmate pats her darling boy,
And to complete a mother's joy,
Tom White sits next to Lizzy.

All trot their hobbies round the room;
They talk of routs, retrenchments, Hume,
The bard who would lie fallow,
The Turks, the Statue in the Park,
Which both the Grants, at once, remark
Jump'd down from mount Cavallo.

They talk of dances, operas, dress,
They nod, they smile, they acquiesce;
None pout, all seem delighted:
Heavens! can this be the self-same set,
So courteously received, when met;
So taunted, when invited?

So have I seen, at Drury-Lane,
A Play rehearsed, the Thespian train
In arms, the bard astounded;
Scenes cut; parts shifted; songs displaced;
Jokes mangled; characters effaced;
"Confusion worse confounded."

AN EPISTLE TO T. OTWAY.

BY

R. DUKE, TRIN. COLL.

Dear *Tom*, how melancholy I am grown
Since thou hast left this learned dirty town;
To thee by this dull letter be it known,
What all my comfort, under all my care,
Are duns, and puns, and logic, and small beer.
Thou seest I'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
Or the top scene that Settle ever writ:
The sprightly town that wander up and down
From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
All, all are fled; but them I well can spare,
For I, so dull, I have no business there,
I have forgot whatever there I knew,
Why men one stocking tie with ribbon blue:
Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
That at their breasts hang dangling by a string;

stay, I think that I to mind recall
›nce a squirt was raised by Windsor wall),
›w no officer of court; nay more,
og of court; their favourite before.
ld Veni fawn, I should not understand her,
who committed incest for Legander.
›lish'd, thus, an arrant scholar grown,
t should I do but sit and coo alone,
thee, my absent mate, forever moan.
› 'tis sometimes, and sorrow plays its part,
›ther thoughts of thee revive my heart.
whilst with wit, with women and with wine,
glad heart beats, and noble face does shine,
joys we at this distance feel and know;
ı kindly wishest it with us were so.
ı thee we name; this heard, cried James, for him,
› up, thou sparkling wine and kiss the brim:
›ses attend the man who dares to flinch,
ıt as that man deserves who drinks not finch.
these are empty joys without you two,
drink your names, alas! but where are you?

My dear, whom I more cherish'd in my breast
Than by thy own soft muse can be exprest;
True to thy word, afford one visit more,
Else I shall grow, from him thou lov'dst before,
A greasy blockhead fellow in a gown,
(Such as is, sir, a cousin of your own);
With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
And wit that at a quibble never fails.

A PROPER NEW SONG

MADE BY

A STUDENT IN CAMBRIDGE.

TO THE TUNE OF "I WISH TO SEE THOSE HAPPY DAYS."

I who was once a happy wight,
And high in fortune's grace :
And did spend my golden prime
In running pleasure's race,
Am now enforc'd of late
Contrariwise to mourn,
Since fortune joys,
Into annoys
My former state to turn.

The toiling ox, the horse, the ass,
Have time to take their rest;
Yea, all things else which nature wrought,
Sometimes have joys in breast:
Save only I and such
Who vexed are with pain;
For still in tears
My life it wears.
And so I must remain.

How oft have I in folded arms
Enjoyed my delight!
How oft have I excuses made,
Of her to have a sight!
But now to fortune's will
I caused am to bow,
And for to reap
A hugie heap
Which youthful years did sow.

Wherefore all ye which do as yet
  Remain and bide behind,
Whose eyes dame Beauty's blazing beams,
  As yet did never bind:
    Example let me be
    To you and other more;
      Whose heavy heart
      Hath felt the smart
    Subdued by Cupid's lore.

Take heed of gazing over much
  On damsels fair unknown;
For oftentimes the snake doth lie
  With roses overgrown:
    And under fairest flowers
    Do noisome adders lurk,
      Of whom take heed,
      I thee areed,
    Lest that thy cares they work.

What tho' that she doth smile on thee
  Perchance she doth not love,
And though she smack thee once or twice,
  She thinks thee so to prove;
    And when that thou dost think
    She loveth none but thee,
      She hath in store
      Perhaps some more,
    Which so deceived be.—

Trust not therefore their outward shew,
  Beware in any case:
For good condition do not lie
  Where is a pleasant face:
    But if it be thy chance,
    A lover true to have,
      Be sure of this,
      Thou shalt not miss
    Each thing that thou wilt crave.

And when as thou (good reader) shalt
Peruse this scroll of mine,
Let this a warning be to thee,
And say a friend of thine
Did write thee this of love,
And of a zealous mind,
Because that he
Sufficiently
Hath tried the female kind.

Here Cambridge now I bid farewell,
Adieu to students all;
Adieu unto the colleges,
And unto Gunvil-Hall:
And you my fellows once,
Pray unto Jove that I
May have relief,
For this my grief,
And speedy remedy.

And that he shield you everichane
From beauty's luring looks,
Whose bait hath brought me to my bain,
And caught me from my books:
Wherefore for you my prayers shall be,
To send you better grace,
That modesty
With honesty
May guide your youthful race.

LINES,

ON

SIX MAIDS BATHING IN THE RIVER CAM.

BY

THO. RANDOLPH, TRIN. COLL.

When bashful daylight now was gone,
And night, that hides a blush, came on,
Six pretty nymphs, to wash away
The sweating of a summer's day,
In Cam's fair stream did gently swim,
And naked bathe each curious limb.
O! who had this blest sight have seen,
Would think that they had Clœlias been?
A scholar that a walk did take,
(Perchance for meditation's sake)
This better object chanc'd to find,
Straight all things else were out of mind;

What fitter study in this life,
For practice or contemplative.—
He thought, poor soul, what he had seen,
Diana and her nymphs had been.
And therefore thought in piteous fear,
Acteon's fortunes had been near.
Or that the water nymphs they were
Together met to sport them there.
And that to him such love they bore,
As unto *Hilas* once before.
What could he think, but that his eye
Six nymphs at once did there espy
Rise from the waves? Or that perchance
Fresh water *Syrens* came to dance
Upon the stream, with tongue and look
To tempt poor scholars from their book?
He could not think they *Graces* were,
Because their number doubled are.
Nor can he think they *Muses* be,
Because their number wanted three.
I should have rather guess'd that there
Another brood of *Helens* were.

The maids betray'd, were in a fright.
And blush'd, but 'twas not seen by *Night*.
At last all by the bank did stand,
And he, kind heart, lent them his hand,
Guess Lovers, guess,—guess you that dare,
What then might be this scholar's pray'r?
That he had been a cat to spy,
Or had he now *Siberia's* eye.
Yet since his wishes were in vain,
He help'd them on their clothes again,
Makes promise there shall none be slent,
So with them to a tavern went.
Guess, you that have a mind to know,
Whether he were a *fool* or no.

JOHNIAN HYDROSTATICS.

BY

A JOHNIAN. 1823.

I, cozen'd late by Cosine A,
  And bound by chords like one fanatic,
Would fain my truant skill display,
  In song, or science Hydrostatic.

In vain I press my muse to sing
  In *fluent* numbers, dialectic;
The nymph, in Agarippe's spring,
  Has lately caught a shocking hectic.

And tho' she knows that *current's course,*
  She softly says in words auricular,
She cannot prove its *varying force,*
  'Gainst *planes oblique* and *perpendicular.*

If truth lies in a *well*, she swears
  That there she never would have sought her;
For truth, like her, attachment bears
  To cups of wine, not wells of water.

"Then cease," she cries, "to *pump* me dry,
  On such vile efforts, nothing handy;
Unless, dear sir, you'd have me try
  The S. G. of spirits, rum or brandy.

Leave, leave to wiser wits than thou,
  To B—— or V—— such deep discerning;
Content to cool thy burning brow
  Upon the surface light of learning."

And then she hints my Mary's hair—
  Her eyes—her all, demand a measure;
Or on aught else, but half so fair,
  She kindly adds, she'd sing with pleasure.

Yes, yes, my Mary's tresses flow
  O'er her white neck, a wavy *fountain*—
As darkest streams of melted snow
  Glide graceful down some snowy mountain:

Yes, yes, my Mary's eyes are *jet*—
  Jet, too, those tresses softly flowing;
And those bright eyes, when last we *met*,
  Were all in *liquid lustre* glowing.

My Mary, love, the tear-drops lay
  On those bright eyes when last we *parted*;
I kiss'd the precious dew away,
  And left thee, nearly broken-hearted.

And still its every pulse will beat,
  Throughout this heart, in pain and sorrow
Till joys warm tide, when next we *meet*,
  Flows back to bid thee, love, good-morrow

LINES

BY

J. C.

IN ANSWER TO SOME RECOMMENDING AN OBSERVATORY INSTEAD OF A STATUE OF PITT.

Say, sons of Granta, will ye persevere,
Nor to that warning voice afford an ear?
That *friend to learning*, but no friend to Pitt,
Who an Observatory thought more fit,
With classic architecture to adorn
Some walk for study formed, or open lawn,
Than that the statue of our statesman dead
Should in the senate rear aloft its head;
And what is worse, forewith, far worse than all,
That fame for Pitt should from its basis fall.
But see, she moves—the statue moves—behold
She seems to speak—Hermione of old:

" I yield, ' she cries, " to that respected form,
Which pilot like, has weather'd oft the storm,
When fell democracy, on English ground
Dared, like a mildew, spread its influence round;
Or Frenchmen threaten, with a mighty band,
To hurl destruction on our happy land.
What, tho' no college rears its head sublime,
To hail him founder in the lapse of time,
Yet sure to prove it ask no scholar's art,
That he who guards the whole must guard the part;
And if he guarded England's shores from ill,
Its seats of learning too must own him still:
What, tho' no legacy records his name,
He gave, 'twas all he *had* to give, his fame.
Oft as his form shall meet the student's eye,
The tears shall start, and heave the trembling sigh;
Fir'd with the magic of the sculptor's art,
The genial glow shall vibrate thro' his heart,
And, calling all the nobler passions forth,
Shall strive to emulate the patriot's worth.
Fancy shall almost learn with eager ear
His matchless eloquence again to hear!

Who, e'en when struggling in the arms of death
Cry'd, "Save my country," with his parting breath.
Then mourn not friend of science, at the zeal
Which rears the guardian of the public weal
In Granta's Senate-house—what place more fit
To pay just honours to the *manes of Pitt?*
That youth may then his many virtues scan,
Admire the Statesman, venerate the man;
Learn from his bright example to aspire,
And from his statue catch the patriot's fire.

A BALLAD.

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL; OR, GOD-A-MER

BY

DR. CORBET.

Formerly of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and l
Norwich.

To be sung or whistled to the tune of "The Mead
by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of "

"Farewell, rewards and fairies!"
Good house-wives now may say:
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they;
And tho' they sweep their hearths no
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old abbies,
  The fairies' last command :—[1]
They did but change priests' babies,
  But some have changed your land ;
And all your children stol'n from thence
  Are now grown puritans,
Who live as changelings ever since,
  For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,
  You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep and sloth,
  These pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
  Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabor,
  And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
  Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days,
  On many a grassy plain.

But since of late Elizabeth,
  And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
  As when the time hath been.

By which we note, the fairies
  Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave Maries,
  Their dances were procession:
But now, alas! they are all dead,
  Or gone beyond the seas;
Or further, for religion fled,
  Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
  They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
  Their mirth, was punish'd sure:
It was a just and christian deed
  To pinch such black and blue:
O how the common-wealth doth need
  Such justices as you!

Now they have left their quarters;
  A register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
  A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks,
  By one that I could name,
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
  To William for the same.

I marvel who his cloak would turn,[2]
  When Puck had led him round;
Or where those walking fires would burn,
  Where Cureton would be found;
How Broker would appear to be,
  For whom this age doth mourn;
But that their spirits live in thee,
  In thee, old William Chourne.

To William Chourne of Staffordshire,
  Give laud and praises due,
Who every meal can mend your cheer,
  With tales both old and true:

To William all give audience,
  And pray ye for his noddle:
For all the fairies' evidence
  Were lost, if that were addle.

EPIGRAM.

With bodkin drawn in Freedom's cause
  The dread of each assailer,
At Virtue's call comes little P—l,
  A champion and a tailor.

If tailors nine but make a man,
  Was ever champion shorter,
Than little P—l, the hero small!
  A man—not half a quarter?

Then deem him all in all no more,
  Ye dupes to wily faction:
Your idol P—l, is not in *all*:
  He's but a *Vulgar Fraction*.

THE MILLER OF TRUMPINGTON.

A TALE,

BY

CHAUCER.

At *Trumpington*, not far from *Cambridge*, stood
Across a pleasant stream, a bridge of wood;
Near it a mill, in low and plashy ground,
Where corn from all the neighbouring parts was
ground.
The sturdy *miller*, with his powder'd locks,
Proud as a peacock, subtle as a fox,
Could pipe, and fish, and wrestle, throw a net,
Turn drinking cups, and teach young dogs to set;
Brawny, big-bon'd, strong made was every limb,
But few durst venture to contend with him.
A dagger hanging at his belt he had,
Made of an ancient sword's well-temper'd blade;

He wore a *Sheffield* whittle in his hose;
Broad was his face, and very flat his nose;
Bald as an ape behind was this man's crown;
No one could better beat a market down:
But *millers* will be thieves; he used to steal
Slily, and artfully, much corn and meal.
The miller's wife came of a better race,
The parson's daughter of the town she was:
Her portion small, her education high,
She had her breeding in a *nunnery*.
"Whoe'er he married," *Simpkin* boldly said,
"Should be a maid well-born, and nicely bred."
You'd laugh to see him in his best array,
Strutting before her on a holy-day.
If any boldly durst accost his wife,
He drew his dagger, or his Sheffield knife.
'Tis dang'rous to provoke a jealous fool;
She manag'd cunningly her stubborn tool.
To all beneath her, insolently high;
Walk'd like a duck, and chatter'd like a pye:
Proud of her breeding, froward, full of scorn,
As if she were of noble parents born;

With other virtues of the same degree,
All learned in that choice school, the *nunnery*.
Their daughter was just twenty, coarse and bold;
A son too in a cradle six months old.
Thick, short, and brawny, this plump damsel was,
Her nose was flat, her eyes were grey as glass;
Her haunches broad, with breasts up to her chin,
Fair was her hair, but tawny was her skin.
A mighty trade this lusty miller drove,
All for convenience came, not one for love.
Much grist from *Cambridge* to his lot did fall,
And all the corn they used at *Scholar's-Hall*.
Their *Manciple* fell dangerously ill;
Bread must be had, their grist went to the mill:
This *Simpkin* moderately stole before,
Their steward sick, he robb'd them ten-times more.
Their bread fell short; the *Warden* storm'd, with skill
Examin'd those who brought it from the mill.
The miller to a strict account they call;
He impudently swore he gave them all.

Two poor young scholars, hungry, much distress'd,
(Who thought themselves more wise than all the rest)
Intreat the *Warden*, the next corn he sent,
To trust it to their prudent management:
Both would attend him with such care and art,
Defy him then to steal the smallest part.
At last the *Warden* grants what they desire;
All is got ready as these two require.
Bold men, tho' disappointed, ne'er are asham'd;
One was called *Allen*, t'other *John* was named;
Both *northern* men, both in one town were born,
They mount, and lead the horse that bears the corn.
"Be careful," Allen cries, "and do not stray,"
"Fear nothing," he replies, "I know the way."
Thus they jog on, and on the road contrive
To catch the thief; till at the mill they 'rive.
"Ho, *Sim*," says John, "what ho, the miller there,"
"Who calls?" says *Simpkin*, "tell me who you are?"
"How fares your comely daughter and your wife?"
"What *John* and *Allen*? welcome by my life,"

The miller said, "what wind has brought you hither?"
"That which makes old wives trudge, brought us together."
Who keeps no man, must his own servant be;
Our *Manciple* is very sick, and we
Are with the corn from our good *Warden* come,
To see it ground and bring it safely home:
Dispatch it, *Sim*, with all the haste you may,"
"It shall be done," he says, "without delay.
What will you do while I have this in hand?"
Says *John*, "Just at the hopper will I stand,
(In my whole life I never saw grist ground,)
And mark the clack how justly it will sound."
"Ah! chum *John*," cries *Allen*! "will you so?
Then will I watch how it steals out below."
Sim, at their plot maliciously did smile;
Nor could, they thought, such learned clerks beguile.
He meant to cast a mist befo re their eyes,
In spite f all their fine philosophy;
Neither should find where he convey'd the meal;
The narrower he watched, the more he'd steal.

These scholars for their flour shall have the bran;
The learneds't clerk is not the wisest man.
Then out he steals, and finds, where, by the head,
Their horse hung fasten'd underneath a shed;
He slips the bridle o'er his neck; the steed
Makes to the fens, where mares and fillies feed.
Unmiss'd comes *Sim*, finds *John* fix'd at his post,
And *Allen* diligent, no meal was lost.
"Now do me justice, friends," he says, "you can
Convince your *Warden* I'm an honest man."
Now the great work is done, the corn is ground,
The grist is sack'd, and every sack well bound,
John runs to fetch his horse; aloud he cries,
"Come hither *Allen* ?" *Allen* to him flies.
"O friend, we are undone!"—"what mean you, *John* ?"
"Look, there's the *Bridle*, but our *Horse* is gone!"
"Gone! whither?" says he,—"nay heaven knows, not I—"
Out bolts *Sim's* wife, and (with a ready lie)
She cries, "I saw him toss his head, and play,
Then slip the loosen'd reins, and trot away."

ıich way?" they both demand—" with
wanton bounds,
r him scampering toward yon fenny grounds:
mares and colts in those low marshes feed."
r the scholars run with utmost speed,
ot their former cautious husbandry;
sack does at the miller's mercy lie.
alf a bushel of their flour does take,
bids his wife secure it in a cake.
send these empty boys again to school:
lot and study who's the greater fool.
. when the learned blockheads make their way,
ıs be merry, while those children play."
e silly scholars ran from place to place,
here, now there, unequal was the chace.
call him by his name, whistle and cry,
Ball!" but Ball is pleased with liberty.
ght, into a narrow place they brought him,
e him into a ditch, and there they caught him.
y and wet, as cattle in the rain,
. and simple *John*, come back again.
ı!" cried *John*, "would I had ne'er been born,
ı we return we shall be laughed to scorn.

Called by the *Fellows*, and our *Warden*, fools;
Our grist is stolen, and we the miller's tools."
Thus *John* complains, *Allen* without remorse,
Goes to the barn, and in he turns his horse.
Both cold and hungry, wet and daubed with mire?
They find the miller sitting at his fire.
"We can't return," they say, "before 'tis light,
So beg for lodging in your mill to-night."
Simpkin replies, "welcome with all my heart,
I'll find you out the most convenient part.
My house is straight, but you are learned men;
You can by dint of argument maintain
That twenty yards, a mile in breadth comprise:
Now shew your art, and make a miller wise."
"You're merry, friend; but wet and clammy earth,
Hunger and cold, provoke few men to mirth.
A man complies with necessary things,
Content with what he finds, or what he brings.
'Tis meat and drink we earnestly desire
To warm and dry us with a better fire.
Look, we have coin to pay what you demand,
We ne'er catch falcons with an empty hand."

ends his daughter to a neighbouring house
ood strong ale, and roasts a well-fed goose;
homely was his room, it was not small;
had no other, it must serve them all.
daughter makes for these two youths a bed,
on clean sheets, with blankets fairly spread:
lve foot beyond, in the remotest place,
e stood another for their daughter *Grace*.—
supper does with sprightly mirth abound,
has his jest, the nappy ale goes round;
the squab daughter, nor the wife were nice,
health the youth began, *Sim* pledged it twice.
heady liquor stupifies their care,
midnight past, they all to rest repair.
miller yawned, his eyes began to close;
wife got *Sim* to bed, he had his dose.
followed him; but she was gay and light,
whistle had been wetted too that night;
placed the child in cradle by her side,
ive it suck, or rock it if it cried.
daughter too, when once the ale was gone,
r'd to bed; so *Allen* did and *John*.

Sleep, on the most did instantly prevail;
The miller's lusty dose of potent ale
Made him like any stone horse snort and snore,
The treble was behind, the base before:
The wife's hoarse tenor vacant hearts did fill
The daughter bore her part with wond'rous skill
They might be heard a furlong from the mill.
When this melodious concert first began
Young *Allen* tumbling, pushes his friend *John*;
"It is impossible to sleep," he says,
"I'll up and dance while this choice music plays."
He cries, "what means my brother?"—*Allen* said
"I mean to steal into the daughter's bed.
Our corn is stol'n, and we like fools are caught,
The daughter shall repay the father's fault."
"O *Allen*," he replies, "think while you can,
Fore heaven the miller is a dangerous man!
Should he discover you, I would be loth
The thief should wreak his vengeance on us both."
"I fear him not," says *Allen*, "I am young;
Tho' he's well set, my sinews are as strong."

up he gets: "*now friend good luck,*" he said,
laughter's trumpet led him to her bed;
stupified with ale, she sprawling lay;
softly creeping in, soon hit his way;
n put all knotty questions out of doubt,
pping her mouth, prevented crying out.
n grumbling lay, while *Allen's* place was void,
Am I then idle, while my friend's employ'd?
e can revenge himself for all his harms,
Ie has the *miller's* daughter in his arms,
While I lie spiritless, benumb'd and cold,
shall be jeer'd to death, when this is told;
They nothing can perform, who ne'er begin;
Faint heart, they say, did ne'er fair lady win."
Then up he rose, and softly groping round,
He found the cradle standing on the ground,
Close by the miller's bed; this unespied
He took, and set it by his own bed-side.
The miller's wife had now more grist to grind,
(Some mills by water move, and some by wind)
The proper utensil not plac'd at hand,
She rose, by pure necessity constrained:

The grand affair dispatch'd, and feeling round
Her husband's bed, no cradle could be found.
"Where am I? *Benedicite!*" she said,
"This is undoubtedly the scholar's bed."
Then turning t'other way, her hand did light
Full on the cradle, "Now," she cried, "I'm right."
Lifting the clothes, into the bed she leap'd,
And close to *John* full harmlessly she crept:
In a short time he takes her in his arms,
And kindly treats her with unusual charms.
She thought, strange fancies working in her mind,
Some *Saint* had made her husband over-kind.
Propitious stars this fortune did bestow
On both, till the third cock began to crow.
Now *Allen* fancied light would soon appear,
He kiss'd the wench, and said, "My Grace, my dear!
Thou kindest of thy sex, the day comes on,
And we must part"—"Alas, will you begone,"
She said, "and leave poor harmless me alone?"
"If I stay longer, we are both undone;

"For should your father wake and find me here,
"What will become of me and you, my dear?"
"That dreadful thought," she cries, "distracts my heart,
Too soon you won me, and too soon we part."
Then clinging round his neck, with weeping eyes,
She says, "Remember me!" *Allen* replies,
"I'll quickly find occasion to return;
You shall not long for *Allen's* absence mourn."
"Farewell," she cries, "but dearest, one word more;
You'll find upon a sack behind the door
A cake, and under it a bag of meal;
The flour my father and myself did steal
Out of your sack; but take it, 'tis your own;
Be careful, love—not a word more, begone."
Now *Allen* softly feeling for his bed,
By chance his hand laid on the cradle head.
And shrinking from it, said, with no small fear,
"That rogue the miller, and his wife lie there."
Turning, he finds *Sim's* pallet, in he crept;
"I'm right" he says, "dull *John* all night has slept."

Then shaking him, "Wake Swineherd," *Allen* cries,
"I've joyful news."—"What?" grumbling, *Sim*
replies.
"I am the luckiest rogue—by this *no light*,
I have had full employment all the night:
The daughter's kindly paid the father's score,
All night I have embrac'd her."—"O the wh—re!
O thou false traitor Clerk! thou hast defil'd
Our honest family, deflour'd our child!
Thy life shall answer it." With that he caught
At *Allen's* throat: Young *Allen* stoutly fought.
Both give and take, returning blows with blows;
But *Allen* struck the miller on the nose
With all his force; out flies the streaming gore,
And down it runs; they tumble on the floor;
Then up they get, lab'ring with equal strife:
Sim stumbling backwards quite across his wife.
She, fast asleep, none of this scuffle heard;
Wak'd by his fall, and heartily afear'd:
"Help, Holy Cross of Broholme! (O I faint!)
"Help my *good Angel!* help my *Patron Saint!*
The *Fiend* lies on me like a load of lead!
Remove this de'il, this night-mare, or I'm dead!"

Then up starts *John*, and turns 'em from the wife,
Hunts for a cudgel to conclude the strife.
Up gets the *miller*, *Allen* grasps him close,
Both play at hard-head, struggling to get loose.
Out stept the wife, well knowing where there stood,
In a bye corner, a tough piece of wood;
On this she seiz'd, and by a glimmering light,
Which entered at a chink, saw something white:
But by a foul mistake, 'twas her ill hap
To take *Sim's* bald pate for the *Scholar's cap*.
She lifts the staff, it fell on his bare crown,
Strong was the blow, she knock'd her husband down.
"O, I am slain!" the *miller* loudly cried;
"Live to be hang'd, thou thief," *Allen* replied.
Away they go, first take their meal and cake,
Then lay the grist upon the horse's back.
To *Scholar's Hall* they march, for now 'twas light,
Pleased with the strange adventures of the night.
The wife the Scholars curses, binds *Sim's* head,
Then lifts him up, and lays him on the bed.
"O wife," says he, "our daughter is defil'd!
That villain, *Allen*, has debauched our child!

Mistaking me for *John*, he told me all;
Ten thousand furies plague that *Scholar's Hall*."
" O false abusive knave;" the wife replied,
" In every word the villain spake, he lied.
I waked, and heard our harmless child complain,
And rose to know the cause, and ease her pain.
I found her torn with gripes, a dram I brought,
And made her take a comfortable draught;
Then laid down by her, chaf'd her swelling breast,
And lull'd her in these very arms to rest.
All was contrivance, malice all, and spite;
I have not parted from her all this night."
" *Then is she innocent?*" " Aye, by my life,
As pure and spotless as thy bosom wife."
" I'm satisfied," says *Sim*; " O that damn'd Hall!
I'll do the best I can to starve them all."
And thus the miller of his fear is eas'd,
The mother and the daughter both well pleas'd.

LINES,

BY

MR. STEPNEY, TRIN. COLL.

ON THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE BURNING THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S PICTURE, 1685. WHO WAS THEIR CHANCELLOR.

IN ANSWER TO

In turba semper sequitur fortunam et odit damnatos.

Yes, fickle *Cambridge, Perkins* found this true
Both from your rabble, and your doctors too;
With what applause you once received his Grace,
And begg'd a *Copy* of his godlike face;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The original in limbo lay secure,
As greasy as himself he sends a lictor
To vent his loyal malice on the picture.
The beadle's wife endeavours all she can
To save the image of the tall young man,

Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong thoughts she might improve her
race,
But all in vain, since the wise house conspire
To *damn* the canvas traitor to the fire,
Lest it, like bones of *Scanderbeg* incite
Scythmen next harvest to renew the fight :
Then in comes Major *Eagle*, and doth gravely allege
He'll subscribe, if he can, for a bundle of *sedge*.
But the man at *Clare Hall* that proffer refuses,
'Snigs he'll be beholden to none but the muses :
And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
On the death of good *Charles*, and the crowning of
James :
And swears he will borrow of the Provost more
stuff
On the marriage of *Ann* if that ben't enough.
The heads least he gets all the profit to himself
(Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf,)
This motion deny, and vote that *Tite Tillet*
Should gather from each noble doctor a billet.
The kindness was common, and so they'd return it
The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it :

Thus joining their stocks for a bonfire together,
As they club for a *Cheese* in the parish of *Chedder*;
Confusedly crowd on the sophs and the doctors,
The hangman, the townsmen, their wives and the proctors,
While the troops from each part of the countries in all
Come to quaff his confusion in bumpers of stale.
But *Rosalin*, never unkind to a duke,
Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
The tender creature could not see his fate,
With whom she had danc'd a minuet so late.
The heads who never could hope for such frames,
Out of envy condemn'd sixscore pounds to the flames,
Then his air was so proud, and his features amiss,
As if being a traitor had alter'd his phiz:
So the rabble of *Rome*, whose favour ne'er settles,
Melt down their *Sejanus* to pots and brass kettles.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG,

BY

MR. A. PHILLIPS, ST. JOHN'S COLL.

Come, fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper I'll have:
He's a fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an inch,
Tho' I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls,
Who like me will never give o'er,
Whom no danger controls, but will take off their bowls,
And merrily stickle for more.

Drown reason and all such weak foes,
I scorn to obey her command;
Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
And let my glass idly stand?

›utation's a bug-bear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
le use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
And bring us to politic thinking.

. 'em all, I'll have six in a hand,
For I've trifled an age away;
ɜ in vain to command, the fleeting sand
Rolls on, and cannot stay.

me, my lads, move the glass, drink about,
We'll drink the universe dry;
:'ll set *foot to foot,* and drink it all out,
If once we grow sober we die.

THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOLAR,

AND

THE GHOST OF A SCRAG OF MUTTON.

In the days that are past, by the bank of a stream
Where waters but softly were flowing,
With ivy o'ergrown an old mansion-house stood,
That was built on the skirts of a chilling damp wood,
Where the yew-tree and cypress were growing.

The villagers shook as they pass'd by the doors,
When they rested at eve from their labours;
And the traveller many a furlong went round,
If his ears once admitted the terrific sound,
Of the tale that was told by the neighbours.

hey said, "that the house in the skirts of the wood
By a saucer-ey'd ghost was infested,
/ho fill'd every heart with confusion and fright,
y assuming strange shapes in the dead of the night,
Shapes monstrous, and foul, and detested,"

nd truly they said, and the master well knew
That the ghost was the greatest of evils;
or no sooner the bell of the mansion toll'd one,
han the frolicsome imp in a fury begun
To caper like ten thousand devils.

.e appeared in forms the most strange and uncouth
Sure never was goblin so daring!
.e utter'd loud shrieks and most horrible cries,
ursed his body and bones, and his *sweet little eyes*,
Till his impudence grew beyond bearing.

ıst at this nick o'time, when the master's sad heart
With anguish and sorrow was swelling,
.e had heard that a scholar with science complete,
ull of mystical lore as an egg is of meat,
Had taken at *Cambridge* a dwelling.

The scholar was versed in all magical arts
Most famous was he throughout *College*;
To the red sea full many an unquiet ghost,
To repose with king Pharaoh and his mighty host,
He had sent thro' his powerful knowledge.

To this scholar so learned the master he went,
And as lowly he bent with submission,
Told the freaks of the ghost, and the horrible frights
That prevented his household from resting at nights
And offer'd this humble petition :

" That he, the said scholar, in wisdom so wise,
Would the mischievous fiend lay in fetters;
Would send him in torments forever to dwell
In the nethermost pit of the nethermost hell,
For destroying the sleep of his betters."

The scholar so versed in all mystical lore,
Told the master his pray'r should be granted;
He ordered his horse to be saddled with speed,
And perch'd on the back of his cream colour'd steed,
Trotted off to the house that was haunted.

He entered the doors at the fall o' the night,
The trees of the forest 'gan shiver;
The hoarse raven croak'd, and pale burnt the light,
The owl loudly shriek'd, and pale with affright,
The servants like aspins did quiver.

"Bring some turnips and milk!" the scholar he cried,
In a voice like the echoing thunder;—
They brought him some turnips and suet beside,
Some milk, and a spoon and his motions they ey'd
Quite lost in conjecture and wonder.

He took up the turnips and peeled off the skin,
Put them into a pot that was boiling;
Spread a table and cloth, and made ready to sup,
Then call'd for a fork, and the turnips fish'd up
In a hurry, for they were a-spoiling.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk:—
The hail at the casement 'gan clatter!
Yet this scholar ne'er heeded the tempest without,
But raising his eyes, and turning about,
Ask'd the maid for a small wooden platter.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and salt,—
The storm came on thicker and faster:
The lightnings were flash'd, and with terrific din
The wind at each crevice and cranny came in,
Tearing up by the root lath and plaster.

He smash'd up the turnips with nutmeg and spice,
The mess would have ravish'd a glutton;
When lo! with sharp bones hardly cover'd with skin
The ghost from a nook o'er the window peep'd in
In the form of a *boiled scrag of mutton*.

"Ho! ho!" said the ghost, "what art doing below"
The scholar look'd up in a twinkling—
"The times are too hard to afford any meat,
So to render my turnips more pleasant to eat
A few grains of pepper I'm sprinkling."

Then he caught up a fork, and the mutton he seiz'd
And soused it at once in the platter;
Threw o'er it some salt and a spoonful of fat,
And before the poor ghost could tell what he was at,
He was gone like a mouse down the throat of a cat,
And this is the whole of the matter.

PROLOGUE,

BY

R. DUKE, OF TRIN. COLL.

Long has the tribe of poets on the stage,
Groan'd under persecuting *critics'* rage:
But with the sound of railing, and of rhyme,
(Like bees united by the tinkling *chime*)
The little stinging insects swarm the more,
And buz is greater than it was before.
But O! ye leading *voters* of the pit,
That infect others with your too much *wit*,
That well-affected members do seduce,
And with your malice poison half the house;
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary sway
Shall be no more endured, but ends this day.
Rulers of able conduct we will choose,
And more indulgent to a trembling muse:

Women for ends of government more fit,
Women shall rule the *boxes* and the *pit*,
Give *laws* to *love*, and influence to wit.
Find me *one* man of sense in your roll,
Whom some one *Woman* has not made a fool.
E'en business, that intolerable load,
Under which man does groan, and yet is proud;
Much better can they manage, would they please;
'Tis not their *want* of wit but *love* of ease:
For spite of art, more wit in them appears,
Tho' we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs.
Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,
Set shallow in a hot and barren soil;
But when transplanted to a richer ground,
Has in their *Eden* its perfection found.
And 'tis but just they should our wit invade,
Whilst we set up their painting, patching trade.
As for our courage, to our *shame* 'tis known,
As they can raise it, they can pull it down:
At their own weapons they our bullies awe;
'Faith let them make an *Anti-salick law*;
Prescribe to all mankind, as well as plays,
And wear the *breeches*, as they wear the *bays*.

THE BEAR AND THE BISHOP.

BY

URSA MINOR.

When Byron was at Trinity—
Studying classics and Divinity—
He kept a rugged Russian Bear,
Which Bear,
Would often scratch and tear,
And dance and roar,—
much so, that even men in the adjacent college
id, " within the sphere of their own knowledge,
They never knew so great a bore!"
deed the master, then a bishop, was so baited,
e ordered that the beast should quick be sold;
Or if not sold at least *translated*.

"What," said Lord Byron, "what does the
master say?
Send my friend away!
No—give my compliments to Doctor Mansel,
And say, my Bear I certainly can sell;
But 'twill be very hard—for tell him 'Gyp,
The poor thing's sitting for a *fellowship*."

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

At number one dwelt Captain Drew,
George Benson dwelt at number two,
The street we'll not now mention;
The latter stunn'd the King's Bench bar,
The former, being lamed in war,
Sung small upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both—than he
None deeper in the mystery
Of culinary knowledge;
From turtle soup, to Stilton cheese,
Apt student taking his degrees
In Mrs. Rundell's college.

Benson to dine invited Tom;
Proud of an invitation from
A host who spread so nicely,
Tom answer'd 'ere the ink was dry,
"Extremely happy—come on Fri—
Day next, at six precisely."

Blewit, with expectation fraught,
Draws up at six each savoury thought
Ideal turbot rich in:
But 'ere he reach'd the winning-post,
He saw a haunch of venison roast,
Down in the next-door kitchen.

"Hey! zounds! what's this? a haun
Drew's?
I must drop in: I cant refuse:
To pass were downright treason;
To cut George Benson 's not quite staun
But the provocative—a haunch!
Zounds! its the first this season!

Ven'son, thou art mine! I'll talk no more;"
Then rapping thrice at Benson's door,
"John, I'm in such a hurry!
Do tell your master that my aunt
Is paralytic, quite aslant,
I must be off for Surrey."

Now Tom, at next door makes a din,
"Is Captain Drew at home? "Walk in—"
"Drew, how d'ye do? What Blewit!"
"Yes, I—you've ask'd me many a day,
To drop in, in a quiet way,
So now I'm come to do it."

"You see your dinner, Tom"—Drew cried;
"No but I dont tho'," Tom replied;
"I smok'd below," "What?" "Ven'son,
A haunch"—"Oh! true, it is not mine,
My neighbour has some friends to dine:—"
"Your neighbour! Who?—" "George
Benson."

His chimney smok'd, the scene to change,
I let him have my kitchen range,
While his was newly polish'd:
The ven'son you observed below,
Went home just half an hour ago;
I guess it's now demolish'd.

Tom, why that look of doubtful dread?
Come, help yourself to salt and bread,
Dont sit with hands and knees up;
But dine, for once, off Irish stew,
And read the Dog and Shadow through,
When next you open *Æsop*."

EPIGRAM,

ON THE PUBLICATIONS OF MRS. THRALE, MR. BOSWELL, AND SIR JOHN HAWKINS, ON THE SUBJECT OF DR. JOHNSON.

BY

PORSON.

Lexiphanem fatis functum, qua fœmina, qua vir
Certant indignis dedecorare modis,
Hic quantum in Scotos fuerit testatus amorem
Enarrat, fatuos vendidit illa sales.
Fabellas eques ede tuas, seu Musice mavis,
Si famæ Herois vis superesse nihil.

At Johnson's death both sexes join,
His character to undermine;
Proclaim his courtesy to Scots,
And print his stupid Anecdotes;
'Tis now thy turn musician Knight,
Publish and damn his fame outright.

EPITAPH,

ON

A TOM CAT.

BY

N. B. CHRIST COLL.

Ere scarce two years had hurried o'er his head,
Poor Tom, alas! was number'd with the dead.
Nine lives he had; but, O resistless fate!
Nine lives sufficed not to protract his date!
An envious rival carried eight away,
And with the ninth he linger'd out a day.
He could no more; for, pity seized a gun;
She saw his pain, and took the other one.
Thus fell poor Tom, nor single in his fall,
For death, which level'd him must level all;
Both men and cats await the fatal blow,
The grave opes wide its jaws, and all must go.

THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL.

I.

arewell to the towers! farewell to the bowers!
'here the sage wizard Art all his charms hath
displayed;
nd sweet science cowers, amongst blooming
flowers,
ı gay robes of glory majestic array'd.

II.

ırewell, banks of Camus! thou fair scenes of
blisses,
he Muse, Love's, and Graces', invincible seat!
our silver soft stream, like the tide of Illyssus,
ye, fresher than airs of Hygeia's retreat.

III.

Ye cloisters low bending, and proudly extendi
To cherish young Genius and Taste in your gloc
The spirit befriending, as softly descending,
It mounts in pure incense to heav'n's vau
dome :—

IV.

From you I must sever; then farewell for eve
Each heart honor'd object that swells my last th
The world is a field I must enter, but never
Can aught charm my soul like your shade *Acac*

THE WISH,

BY

EPICURUS.

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES, AFTER PERUSING THE MSS. OF THE CAMBRIDGE TART.

Grant that, kind fate, when e'er I dine,
An *Oxford Sausage* may be mine;
Nor let me want, as a dessert,
A *sizing* of the *Cambridge Tart!*[1]
Possessing both, I then should be
So blest, the Gods might envy me.

NOTES.

Note (1), page 7.

egali situ pyramidium altius.

Note (2), page 8.

" My name, in sure recording page,
" Shall time itself o'erpow'r;
" If no rude mice, with envious rage,
" The *butt'ry books* devour."

he *butt'ry books* are kept by the butler of the college, from them the exact time each student has resided in ge may be ascertained; for, as soon as he comes into re- ice, he receives his sizings (bread, butter, &c.) from the ge buttery, and an account of those things is entered in a , which is denominated, "The Buttery Book." But this ot the custom in all colleges in Cambridge; for, in some, *Dean* keeps a book, in which each man, on his commencing lence, signs his name; and this is called—" Signing his *at*."

NOTES.

Note (3), page 8.

"Ev'n in the schools I now rejoice,
"Where late I look'd with fear;
"Nor heed the moderator's voice,
"Loud thund'ring in my ear."

"*Moderators.*"—There are two moderators in the University of Cambridge, who are chosen annually; but they may be re-elected. Their office is one of considerable importance to the University, and no small honour to the individuals filling it. Their duty consists principally in *examining* and *determining* the merits of those gentlemen who become candidates for *mathematical honours*, of which there are three degrees; viz.—*wranglers*, *senior optimes*, and *junior optimes*. These form what, in Cambridge, is called *The Tripos*.

Note (4), page 8.

* * * Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. * * * *

Note (5), page 9.

A celebrated tailor, in the author's days.

Note (6). page 9.

* * * * * Mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens—comam.

Note (1), page 15.

The college *gyps*, of high illustrious worth,
With all the dishes in long order go.

Gyp, a species of college servant, whose business it is to wait ı such of the students as choose to employ them in performing enial offices. They obtained the appellation from their ra-acious habits, they not being over scrupulous in breaking the ghth commandment. The word *gyp* very properly charac-rizes them, it being derived from the Greek word Γυψ, a ulture.

Note (1), page 19.

"Fit for dull *freshmen*." - - -

Students are denominated *freshmen* during the residence of ıeir first year in the University.

Note (2), page 20.

"Though our good *proctor* otherwise does think,
"Our mother Cambridge kindly bids us drink.

"*Proctor*."—An officer of the University, whose business t is to take cognizance of the irregular conduct of any student; ikewise, to apprehend the Cyprian tribe. There are four *roctors*, two of whom are denominated *pro proctors*, and are omewhat inferior to the other two, who are called *proctors*, ınd attend the Vice Chancellor on all public occasions. The ffice continues for one year only.

Note (1), page 30.

Be it known to our learned brethren of the sister University, that—"*An Evening Contemplation in a College, being a Parody on Gray's Elegy*" which has been hitherto handed down in the "*Oxford Sausage*," was composed, not by an *Oxonian*, but by a *Cantab*, named J. Duncombe, formerly of *Corpus Christi*, or Benét College, Cambridge, of which it bears internal evidence. To wit—

Stanza XV.

"Some future *Herring*, who, with dauntless breast,
"Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose;
"Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke here may rest,
"Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes."

Herring (Thomas), Archbishop of Canterbury, was the son of a clergyman in Norfolk, and born A. D. 1693. In the rebellion of 1745, he exerted himself with great zeal in favour of the Government, for which he was raised to the See of Canterbury.—*Vide, Biographical Dictionary.*

The above Archbishop Herring was bred at Corpus Christi, Cambridge, and is the same who was the patron of Duncombe, and in 1757 presented him with the united livings of St. Andrew and St. Mary, Canterbury. Mr. Duncombe edited and published the Letters of the above Archbishop. The name of *Hardwicke* will also be found to assimilate itself with Cambridge.

A copy of the poem in question may be seen in *Dodsley's Collection*, to which the name of Duncombe is prefixed.

Note (1), page 41.

" Her snuff-box, if the nymph pull'd out,
" Each Johnian, in responsive airs,
" Fed with the tickling dust his snout,
" With all the politeness of bears."

ohnian,"—a man of St. John's College. To understand anza, it is necessary for the reader to know, that the f *St. John's* College formerly obtained the appellation *ohnian Hogs;*" to elucidate which, the following tale ded down. " There is a gateway opens into a bye- etween St. John's College and Trinity College Chapel, nds to St. John's walks; and in the corner of the first facing the entrance to the chapel, is a passage out to the ad. A young wag, of St. John's College, saw a coun- n driving a sow and some pigs to market for sale. The suddenly seized a little pig, whipt it under his gown, unning down the bye road, turned into the passage, and up to his own chambers, where his chum was then at

The countryman pursued, and saw the student enter sage; but having lost him there, he went into the outer of the college. The wag saw him gaping and gazing reat amazement; then, opening his window, he held up g, and, pinching one ear, made it squeak. Clodpate iately made an outcry; the servants of the college as- d about him, and undertook to show him the room; e youth, muffling up the pig, ran up to the top of the and getting out upon the leads between the roof and rapet wall, proceeded along quite round to the bell tur-

ret, and there observed the countryman's motions. Clodpate, in the interim, entered the chamber, but there found only the chum, at his books. 'Where,' says he, 'is the other young man with my pig?' 'What pig?' says the student; 'there is no other person here but myself.' The chamber was strictly searched, but in vain. Clodpate, in despair, returned into the court. The wag, seeing this, went into his chamber, exhibited the pig once more at his window, and then eloped as before; while hue and cry was made again, but still in vain. At length the wag, seeing clodpate proceeding to the Master's Lodge, descended the bell turret, went out at the gate, dropped the pig unperceived, and retired quite unconcerned into the Johnian coffee-house, in the church-yard opposite. Presently the pig was heard squeaking about the street; and the college was ever after denominated the *Circæan stye*.

Note (2), page 41.

"Dropt she her fan beneath her hoop,
"E'en stake-stuck Clarians strove to stoop."

By Clarians are meant the students of Clare-hall. They have also, from some unknown cause, obtained the appellation of Clare-hall Grey-hounds.

Note (3), page 41.

"Kays"—Men of Caius College.

Note (3), page 41.

"Kingsmen"—Men of King's College.

Note (1), page 48.

Emanuel College was formerly a seminary of Puritans.

Note (2), page 51.

Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zach., chap. v., 1.; or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one Coppe, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's *Athen.*, vol. ii. p. 501. He was author of a book entitled, "The Fairy Flying Roll," and afterwards published a recantation.

Note (3), page 51.

See Greenham's Works, particularly a tract, entitled, "A sweet Comfort for an afflicted Conscience."

Note (4), page 52.

See Perkin's Works, fol., 1616, vol. i. p. 11, where is a large half sheet folded, containing, "A Survey, or Table, declaring the Order of the Causes of Salvation and Damnation, &c." the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

Note (5), page 53.

Archbishop Laud.

Note (1), page 57.

Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier, and the first man in the *Island*, who let out hackney horses. He lived in Cambridge, and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was, to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man. I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice; but he obliged him to take the horse next the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served, according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice. From whence it became a proverb, what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's choice.' This memorable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn, which he used, in Bishopsgate-street, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription on the said bag,—

"The fruitful mother of an hundred more."

Vide, "Spectator," No. 509.

Note (1), page 60.

The Diable Boiteaux of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.

Note (2), page 62.

Seale's publication on Greek Metres, displays considerable

ingenuity and talent, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

Note (3), page 62.

The Latin of the schools is of the canine species, and not very intelligible.

Note (4), page 62.

The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypotheneuse is equal to the square of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.

Note (5), page 63.

On Saints' days the students wear surplices in chapel.

Note (1), page 66.

No reflection is intended against the person here mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely mentioned as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman now is as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days for wit and conviviality.

Note (2), page 68.

Celebrated critics. The latter was the late Greek Profes-

sor of Trinity College, Cambridge,—a man whose powers of mind, and writings, may perhaps justify their preference.

Note (1), page 98.

"*The Wooden Spoon.*"—"This luckless wight is annually a universal butt and laughing-stock of the whole Senate-house. He is the last of those young men who take *honours* in his year, and is called a '*junior optime.*' Yet, notwithstanding his being superior to them all, the lowest of the ὁι πολλοι, or gregarious undistinguished bachelors, think themselves entitled to shoot their pointless arrows against the "*wooden spoon,*" and to reiterate the perennial remark, that, "*wranglers*" are born with *golden* spoons in their mouths; "*senior optimes,*" with *silver* spoons; and "*junior optimes,*" with *wooden spoons;* and the ὁι πολλοι with *leaden* spoons in their mouths. Besides this mirth-devoted character, are always a few, a chosen few, a degree lower than the ὁι πολλοι constantly written down alphabetically, and who serve to exonerate the "*wooden spoon,*" in part, from the ignominy of the day; and these undergo various epithets, according to their accidental number. If there was but *one,* he was called *Bion,* who carried all his learning about him, without the slightest inconvenience. If there were *two,* they were dubbed the *Scipios; Damon* and *Pythias; Hercules* and *Atlas; Castor* and *Pollux.* If three, they were, *ad libitum,* the three *Graces,* or the three *Furies,* or *Magi,* or *Noah, Daniel,* and *Job.* If *seven,* they were the *seven wise* men; or the seven *wonders* of the *world.* If *nine,* they were the unfortunate *suitors* of the

Muses. If *twelve*, they became the *Apostles.* If *thirteen*, either they deserved a *round dozen!* or, like the Americans, should bear *thirteen stripes* on their *coat* and arms, &c. Lastly, they were sometimes styled *Constant Quantities*, and *Martyrs:* or the last was denominated the *least* of the *Apostles;* and should there be *fourteen*, one was not worthy to be called an apostle!"

Note (1), page 129.

Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ.

Note (2), page 131.

Bishop Gooch, Master of Caius College, who was Vice-Chancellor when Dr. Bentley was expelled.

Note (3), page 131.

Mr. Hardinge, of King's College, author of this poem, had a dispute with the University about the non-performance of some Divinity act.

Note (4), page 132.

Duke of C——s.

Note (5), page 133.

Peter Burrel, Esq., of St. John's College.

Note (6), page 133.

A gentleman of Queen's College.

Note (7), page 134.

Vice-Chancellor in 1751, and Bishop of Chester.

Note (1), page 170.

"For the lute, though all don't know it,
"Was strung with sinews of a poet."

Orpheus is said to have had that honour.

Note (2), page 171.

"And there your breast both beat and thump,
"Whilst turning a deploring dump."

"*Dump*."—An old name for a mournful elegy.

Note (1), page 172.

This Ode, and also the *Pipe of Tobacco*, which follows it, have hitherto appeared in the "*Oxford Sausage*;" but they will, on examination, be found to have been composed by *Cambridge men*.

Vide Campbell's British Poets; Dodsley's Collection; the Biographia Britannica, &c.

Note (1), page 190.

"A reverend *Dean*, it is no matter who,
"Took up his weekly list for to review,
"Whether at toll of daily chapel-bell
"The students' memories had served them well;
"If not, he'd ring into their ears a direful knell."

"Dean."—An officer in a college, whose duty it is to be present in *Chapel* during divine service, and to ascertain whether each student has attended *chapel* the number of times allotted by his college, generally *nine* for those residing in, and *seven* for those residing out of college; or whether they have *dined* in *hall* as often as required, generally *five* times per week; or if they have been absent from their *college* or *lodgings* later than *ten* at night; in doing which, they are said "to have *cut* chapel, hall, &c., *ten* being the hour allowed, generally, through the University. For the performance of the first, a man is placed at the door of the *chapel*, with a *list* containing the name of each student, and *pricks* a hole in the list against each student as he enters; and no student is considered by the Dean to have performed that duty, unless he enters the *chapel* before the first lesson appointed for the day is read. The man who performs the office of pricking, is called the *marker*, and he ascertains the presence of the students in *hall*, by walking up during the time they are dining, and *marks* as before. The porter, who keeps the college gate, sends an account to the *Dean*, every morning, of the time, *hour and minute*, each man enters, who is after time; and the same is done by the keepers of lodging-houses, who, in default, would lose their *licenses*, all lodging-houses, in the

University, being licensed. Every student is *fined* for omitting any of the duties mentioned.

Note (2), page 191.

"'Then, sir,' says Mister Dean, 'for your omission,
"You'll get for me this trifling imposition!'"

It is customary for the *Dean*, besides the *fine* to which each student is liable, to trouble him with an *imposition of fifty* or a *hundred* lines of any author he may please to name; which the student is obliged to commit to memory by the time specified, on pain of an addition, which not unfrequently happens.

Note (1), page 198.

"Mathesis and Urania combine."

Thence no force, however great,
Can stretch a chord, however fine,
Into an horizontal line
Which is accurately straight.

Vide "Mechanics," page 44.

Note (1), page 205.

"Reach here the Laurel. Randolph, 'tis thy praise;
"Thy naked skull shall well become the bays."

Tom Randolph, the poet, formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, was the adopted son of "Immortal Ben."

Note (1), page 231.

"Lament, lament, old abbies,
"The fairies' last command."

The departure of *fairies* is here attributed to the abolition of *monkery*. Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse, in his "Wife of Bath's Tale."

Percy.

Note (2), page 233.

"I marvel who his cloak would turn."

The belief that the turning of the coat, or glove, or any other garment, solved the benighted traveller from the spell of the fairies, is alluded to in Corbet's "Iter Boreale," and is still retained in some of the western counties.

Gilchrist.

Note (1), page 273.

"A sizing of the Cambridge Tart."

Tarts, pies, &c., are not usually placed on the tables in the hall, where the students dine, at Cambridge; but each man may order a plate of what he pleases, which is called a *sizing*.

THE END.

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